

Canadian Illustrated News

VOL. XXIII.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1881.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



WINTER.—FROM THE PICTURE BY F. BODENMULLER.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HERN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDIN

February 6th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 9°	-6°	1° 5'	Mon. 35°	26°	30°
Tues. 8°	-8°	0°	Tues. 26°	-5°	10°
Wed. -2°	-15°	-8° 5'	Wed. 5°	-11°	-3°
Thur. 10°	-6°	-3° 5'	Thur. 10°	-6°	2°
Fri. 20°	2°	11°	Fri. 28°	8°	18°
Sat. 23°	8°	15°	Sat. 27°	11°	19°
Sun. 23°	-3°	10°	Sun. 23°	15°	19°

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

In fulfilment of the intentions announced in our prospectus for the present year, we are endeavouring to extend the influence of our paper throughout the Dominion. Mr. J. H. Gould will leave this week for an extended tour through the principal cities of Ontario in the interests of the NEWS, and we trust that he will meet with a good reception from our friends that are and those that are to be. For our paper we claim with confidence that support which, now that the times are so materially changed for the better, we are sure all classes will be ready to extend to a representative Canadian illustrated paper. We have done our best hitherto to raise our standard and improve our paper, and the flattering notices of the press since the commencement of the year may be looked upon as a proof of what we are doing and an earnest of what we intend to do. But it is to the public that we look for such an appreciation of our efforts as may enable us to carry on our work, and we trust that Mr. Gould's subscription and advertising list may show us that our confidence in them is not misplaced.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, February 12, 1881.

THE WEEK.

A STATE of affairs totally unparalleled in the history of the English Parliament has resulted in the suspension and removal by force of no less than 29 members of the House of Commons. Whatever are the wrongs of Ireland, and whatever sympathy the Home Rule party in parliament has hitherto received as the representative of a national cause, there can be but one opinion amongst all law-abiding folk, as to the conduct which has led to this unusual step. A systematic obstruction of the business of the house by a small minority of its members is itself an evil, the magnitude of which can hardly be overestimated, but when such obstruction culminates in an absolute defiance of the ruling of the Chair and a refusal to take part in the business of the House, there is but one course open to the House to preserve its dignity, and the expulsion of the offending members becomes a matter of necessity. Is there not a lesson here that he who runs may read? What manner of men think you would compose the Parliament which should sit on Stephen's Green—and what like would be the debates over which Parnell and Dillon should preside, far from the warning voice of the Speaker, far from the friendly grasp of the Sergeant-at-

Arms. Truly the spirit of Donnybrook fair has out-lived the reality.

Mr. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE has struck a new vein in the vexed question of the authorship of the Shakesperian writings, in an article in the February number of the *North American Review*. Assuming the monistic theory, which assigns a common authorship to the works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON, to be founded on truth, he confidently maintains that SHAKESPEARE must have written (or assisted in the production of) the "Advancement of Learning," rather than admit for a moment that BACON could have produced "Romeo and Juliet." The idea is at least novel, and the reasoning is, like all Mr. CLARKE's, clear and accurate, but we prefer to agree with him in the conclusion, that the monistic theory altogether is in the last degree improbable.

ALTHOUGH the news has been expected for some days, no less great is the shock of CARLYLE's death. Probably none of our modern writers, with the exception of DISRAELI, possessed so striking an individuality, both of mind and manners; none, without any exception, have made a more indelible mark upon the literary history of the century, with which he was so nearly co-æval. Born in 1795, he commenced his literary career at a time when BYRON and SHELLEY were in their prime as the contemporary nearly of WORDSWORTH and KEATS. From translation, with which he commenced, he soon launched into original work and became, as the years went by and the bent of his mind strengthened more and more the advocate of the masses, the "people's friend." The "History of the French Revolution," has done more to place on record the true spirit of republicanism, and to trace the failures of that terrible episode in French history to their true source, than any work of the century. It is a history told with a special object in view, an end never forgotten; a terrible warning to despotic monarchy, it is a warning too against the grosser errors of revolution, and the despotism of popular leaders. Brotherly love and common sense were the essence of CARLYLE's broad mind, their practice the mainspring of his teaching. Quaint and eccentric though his language may be at times, it has a true honest ring about it that is dear to English hearts. "There are eighteen millions of people in England," he wrote, "mostly fools." But while he had no patience with their folly, he loved them all, and for his love he should have a place in our hearts, that we can give to few teachers among men.

THE *London Advertiser* has made an addition to its staff. It now keeps a prophet to direct the movement of its ordinary reporters. It is not enough to arrive at the scene of an accident after all is over. The *Advertiser's* seer lets the reporters know a-head, and they are there to witness the occurrence itself. So at least we are forced to believe from the criticism which our contemporary passed on a recent illustration in the NEWS. It is not always easy to be present at an explosion, indeed it is not always desirable, but if the *Advertiser* will do us the favor to let us know a day or two previous to the next one that takes place in its neighbourhood, we will insure our artist's life and send him on. There is a grain of comfort left us in the criticism. "It is reasonably satisfactory" says the oracle, "to anyone who was not there at the time." Can we, may we dare to hope, that perhaps, we only say perhaps, our critic is of that number? If it is "reasonably satisfactory" to him, all may yet be well.

ERRATUM.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC.—In our notice of the annual meeting of this Society in last week's issue, we printed in error "F. Sims, Esq.," instead of "F. D. Sims, Esq.," as one of the additional members of the Council of the Society.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, February 5th, 1881.

On Tuesday Sir Charles Tupper moved the third reading and final passage in the House of Commons of the Pacific Railway Bill, and both motions were carried by very decisive majorities, the vote on each division being 128 to 49. Amendments continued to be moved up to the last, that of Mr. Bunster being the most noticeable, "That the construction of a road from Esquimaux to Nanaimo be immediately proceeded with," he being the only voter in its favour. The House, for once, adjourned before twelve, probably because the members themselves were thoroughly exhausted with the prolonged and wearisome Pacific debate. It is for a similar reason I refrain from attempting to give you any account of the further arguments or amendments. Every possible point and phase of this question had been exhausted by what had gone before.

The Bill was introduced into the Senate on Thursday, and had its second reading the same day. The debate in the Senate was opened by Sir A. Campbell, and has so far been conducted great moderation and ability. The arguments of the Conscript Fathers would, in fact, in themselves, be very interesting, if we were not so thoroughly tired of the subject.

The Government will undoubtedly press the bill through the Senate as rapidly as possible, and also its final sanction by the Governor-General, in view of the many important interests depending on this action.

Sir Alex. Campbell again brought up in the Senate his "Patent Amendment Bill." He admitted that the objections which had been made to the form of the bill at first introduced, were fatal, and he stated he had come to the conclusion that it was better to pass a short bill affirming a principle, and giving the Minister of Agriculture power to act in certain cases, in order to preserve patents alive which would expire under the operation of the law as it now stands. If anything of this kind is to be done, I think the proposal is more correct in principle than an omnibus of private bills under the general title of "Patent Amendment Bill." But there is ground for very serious doubt if it is at all wise to open any door after patents have once been allowed to expire. If patentees know that they cannot renew after expiring, it will be precisely the same thing to them to take a step before that event takes place.

There was little business done in the House on Wednesday. Mr. Merner, in moving for papers, found fault with the manner in which timber limits were granted in the North-West Territories. Sir John Macdonald explained that the practice of late years had been to grant the licenses year by year, and only to persons who undertook to put up saw mills to supply timber necessary for building purposes.

There was a short discussion on a motion of Mr. McQuaig, on the question of the right of the Local Governments to appoint Magistrates, License Inspectors, &c. Several of the members thought the question should be carried to the Supreme Court and definitely settled. The House adjourned at six, in order to give the members an opportunity to go to the ball at Rideau Hall. The ball was very brilliant, and was, of course, the great social event of the week.

On Thursday, Sir John Macdonald stated in answer to a question of Mr. Trow, that the Government had been corresponding with the Imperial Government respecting the promotion of assisted emigration. He also stated, in reply to Mr. Tassé, that it was the intention of the Government this year to give effect to the resolution adopted by Parliament in 1873, respecting a monument to Sir George E. Cartier.

There was another debate on the motion of Mr. Thomas White for papers relating to the exodus to the United States. The points brought out were the same I stated in a previous letter. Hon. Mr. Anglin said large numbers had left St. John and other parts of New Brunswick in consequence of the National Policy. Sir Leonard Tilley said that he had been furnished with information that, by the International line alone, 2,270 persons had returned this autumn to New Brunswick. He also noticed that the fact of a large increase in imports and exports, and in articles of consumption in that Province, does not indicate a great decrease in population. Mr. Shaw said that he, returning from Manitoba last year, was put down as an emigrant to the United States, and he had no doubt both Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Cameron were so also. Agents came on board the trains and asked their names and whence they had come, and put them all down as immigrants. Hon. Mr. Blake insisted that there had been a large increase in the emigration from Canada during the last two years. Hon. Mr. Pope read from a return to show that during fifteen months, the difference between those who went to the United States and returned from it by the Grand Trunk and Great Western railways, was only 6,705.

Mr. Blake said the figures were incorrect. The number of emigrants were much larger. Mr. Pope asked how he knew. Mr. Blake said "By our census." Mr. Dawson said the population of Algoma was now four times that it was in 1871, which was a different state of things from that in some other quarters, according to the reports given that evening. Many other members spoke on the question, and the motion for papers was carried at two a.m.

On Friday there was very little done, and the House adjourned at six o'clock. The only debate was on some points of law, of technical interest.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WINTER.—The charming head of winter which adorns our title page is from the picture by F. Bodenmüller, in the "Gallery of Beautiful Women." Such drawings are at once seasonable and charming wherever we meet them, and we make no apology for introducing the engraving of this picture to our readers.

ON BOARD THE "RICHELIEU."—The burning of the *Richelieu* in Toulon harbour is so fresh in the memory of most of our readers that a passing account of it alone will be necessary. The vessel was discovered to be on fire at half-past ten in the morning and from then until four o'clock a fierce fight with the flames went on. The endeavours of the fire brigade and the troops who were summoned to assist at the conflagration, were chiefly directed to preserving the two vessels on either side the blazing ship. One of them was removed, but the other, the *Fourbin*, could not be got at. At four a.m. the ill-fated vessel canted over, and the cannons on the starboard side breaking from their fastenings, were precipitated with a crash to port. The increase of weight overcame the equilibrium of the vessel and she turned upon her beam ends, covering the *Fourbin* with her rigging and extinguishing the flames in the water. There is some hope expressed of saving the wreck of the vessel and re-floating her.

THE STREET CAR BLOCKADE.—Toronto has been considerably excited by a battle royal between the employees of the Street Railway Company and the store-keepers on the line of the tramway. During the recent heavy falls of snow the street cars carried ploughs to keep the track clear and in consequence piled up the snow on either side of the track so that the road was impassable for any vehicles but the cars themselves. As this stopped the traffic on these streets the shop hands all along the track turned out to shovel the snow back on to the track. A regular battle ensued in which the street cars got the worst of it, and after defending themselves for a time, had to submit to being blocked up by the snow sovelled upon them by their adversaries. Our illustrations, from sketches taken on the spot by Mr. W. N. Langton of Toronto, represent the fight itself and the battlefield after the encounter. A dozen cars were left helpless upon the track, four at intervals one from another, and the other eight in a row together.

R. C. Y. C. BALL AT TORONTO.—The annual ball of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club which had been long anxiously looked for by the ball-going community of the city came off at the Grand Opera House on the 20th ult. Elaborate preparations were made for the comfort and enjoyment of the guests. The whole of the orchestra floor was built over on a level with the stage, and an ample and handsome space was thus provided for the dancing. The back of the stage appeared to run into a beautiful mountain scene, and the management in this and in the setting of the place generally, displayed much taste. The dress-circle was hung with the pennants of the yachts of the club—"Imogene," "Cruiser," "Rivet," "Madcap," "Oriole," "Coquette," "Madeline," and "Alarm" occupying the places of honour. The domain ordinarily yelet that of "ye gods," was made use of for the gentlemen's dressing-room, while the ladies were more comfortably accommodated in the various ante-rooms. Over four hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. The dresses of many of the ladies were notably rich and handsome, and combined with the appropriate surroundings to render the scene one of unusual interest. Beyond the magic circle of devotees of the art terpsichorean, the parquette below and dress circle above, save when the orchestra poured forth its dulcet strains, were dotted with interesting couples and animated groups, which refreshed the eye very pleasantly after the whirl of the throng below. Large as the floor was, it was scarcely large enough for the waltzes, in which, as a rule, between sixty and eighty couples took part. The occasional collisions, however, only added zest to the enjoyment of the dance, and evoked only smiles at the worst. Outside of the dancing the broad stairway and large spaces of the place allowed a freedom and ease in change of scene, which lent unusual comfort to the movements of the wandering couples always numerous on such occasions. As the evening wore on the refreshment rooms behind the scenes became very popular, and remained centres of attraction until the "wee sma' hours." The catering was excellently done, and the tables were more than satisfactory both in show and substance. Our illustration on another page is from a sketch taken by one of our Toronto friends.

THE Dublin Trials have occupied the attention of all the world for the last few weeks, and are only just concluded. The illustrations we give are taken from sketches made on the spot, and represent various interesting incidents in the course of those trials. Our other illustrations will be found fully described under separate headings.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE is going to the Transvaal as war correspondent of the *Morning Post*.

QUESTIONS.

Were I a bird to fly unto thee
In the wild weather, the wind and rain,
Beating my wings at thy window-pane,
Wouldst thou thy casement open to me?
In thy soft hands were I nestled warm,
I should forget the cold and the storm,
Sheltered with thee.

Or wouldst thou cold and unheeding be,
Turning to leave me affrighted there,
Fluttering, throbbing, in mute despair?
Then, thou no pity showing to me,
Fainting I'd fall in the stormy night
Dead 'neath the casement's mocking light,
Driven from thee.

Were I a leaflet to float to thee,
Drenched with the dew of the morning sweet,
Lying in sunshine, low, at thy feet,
Wouldst thou not, tenderly lifting me,
Keep me to prove to the winter snows
That the dead summer had her rose,
Cherished by thee?

Or wouldst thou, finding no joy in me,
Leave me to perish beside the way,
A little rose leaf, withered and gray—
O my heart unremembered to be;
There in the sunlight mouldering to lie,
Crushed by thy feet as they hurried by,
Forgotten by thee!

—Julia H. S. Bugeta, in the Californian.

PRIZE ESSAY ON SCOTCHMEN.

Scotchmen are people who come to London to make money, which they call bawbees. Sometimes, too, they call it siller. Scotchmen either make money, or they don't, and they are either very shabby or very extravagant. They all say as how they speak the English language better than the English themselves, which the Lord help the English language, and have mercy on it—for ever and ever. Amen.

Scotchmen drink Scotch whiskey, and says they like it; which I don't believe them. They continually says as how Irish whiskey is filthy stuff, but they never lets on that most of the filthy Irish stuff is manufactured in Scotland, from raw grain, and sent over to Ireland to be doctored and coloured; which is then sent to England and called "Irish whiskey!" That is what Scotchmen calls fair dealing; which I call very unfair, and I fondly trust the Government will step in and put a stopper on such a reprehensible practice.

Scotchmen is very religious when they is at home. They pray loud on the housetops, and gets drunk in the cellars. They puts sand in the sugar, and then they sings hymns; which there is always a lot of adultery among Scotch grocers. They has many kids, and a traces of their descent back to William the Conqueror. One Highlander, named Macdonald, said as how his forefather was in the ark with Noah; when another Highlander, named Mackay, said, "Noah, be ———! the Mackays had a boat o' their ain."

Scotchmen goes regular to the kirk. When the sermon is over the elder goes round with the plate, an' makes a collection; which every one puts in a penny and takes out a ha'penny o' change. One Scotchman he calls out, "Elder, I want back a ha'penny;" which the elder bein' religious, he answers and says, "Go to the devil." But the Scotchman he don't go, seein' as how next day he cheats his chum o' far more than a ha'penny.

Scotch boys is all brought up in kilts, seein' as their mothers says that it saves the patchin' o' the knees o' their trousers; which in course if Scotch boys break their own knees the knees heals o' their own accord. Kilts is considered a healthy dress, which it lets in the air and lets out the vermin.

Scotchmen scratches themselves again posts. There is so many Scotchmen agoin' to join the Reporter's Gallery that the Speaker have arranged to put up a post for them; which in time they will require two or three postesses. A Scotch reporter he once dined with his friend Jock, and didn't he drink a dollop o' his friend's whiskey? Next day the Scotchman he were very thirsty; and says he, "If I had a' known that I would be so dry this mornin', I would has drunk more o' Jock's whiskey last night." Which if a Scotchman asks you to have a drink, you see as how he pays for it.

Scotchmen they jines their hands together, and they says,

"And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine."

But if you doesn't stand your pint stoup he will see you very much teetotal afore he stands his. Which if you wishes to drink fair with a Scotchman you see that you get the first drink. But if you wishes to have fair play, and wants to lead a happy and comfortable life, and want your name to go down to posterity, don't you have nothing at all to do wi' Scotchmen.

In conclusion, as Scotchmen themselves solemnly says—"Let us prey."—*London Sporting Times.*

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

"Much Ado About Nothing" would be a more suitable title for Mr. Henry James' "Washington Square," which comes to us in the daintiest of apparel from Harper's. (1) We cannot but think that there is too much of this sort of writing now-a-days. It is not so very long ago that a young New York poet and novelist gave the writer his opinion upon a MS. story, which was afterwards published in one of the magazines, that it would not be acceptable, because it con-

(1) Washington Square. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

tained "none of the careful analysis of character which modern readers on this continent demand." The criticism was honest and, probably, in part, at least, true. Our younger writers of fiction are making their plot entirely secondary to so-called study of character, and in doing so are neglecting the substance for the shadow. It is true, no doubt, that George Eliot's writings, which seem to be the standard by which they wish to be judged, abound in careful character pictures; but it is not too much to say that such analysis is made a part of, and in every sense secondary to, the main purpose of the story. The characters develop themselves in order that they may develop the plot, and the end is kept steadily in view. It is otherwise when such studies are plainly the first, if not the only object. In the work before us, the story proper might be told in the space of this notice, and there are but four persons discussed in detail throughout its 300 pages, three others being occasionally alluded to. Slender material this for a story, and the result is commensurate. Judged even by his own standard, Mr. James must be convicted of many inconsistencies and contradictions—in this respect the book is inferior to other work from the same pen—but it is chiefly as the representative of a school that the book is faulty, and necessarily lacks interest for the ordinary novel reader.

"Duty" (2) is the title of the fourth and last of the so-called "Self Help" Series, which commenced with the publication, in 1859, of the book after which they were named. Since that date the name of Dr. Smiles, though not otherwise unknown to literature, has been associated mainly with a class of didactic teaching which has a special feature of its own, and has gained a well-deserved popularity on this continent, even more than at home. The idea, which originally was suggested to the author by the practical benefit which his Leeds lectures appeared to have produced, and which is carried out in the series of works alluded to, has for its main object the assistance of young men in the performance of that individual duty which is set before each on his entrance into life. The plan followed after consideration was chiefly noticeable for the substitution of anecdote for theory, and example for precept. The stories of men deserving of imitation, told so as to illustrate the virtues under discussion, and for the purpose of inducing imitation, rather than self-instruction, in the business of life. Such is the principle adopted with so much success in these works. The present book deals with "Duty" under its various aspects—Courage, Perseverance, Honesty, Truth, and is not only healthy and helpful in its maxims, but withal most readable. It is a pity that a somewhat careless revision of the sheets has left typographical errors easy of avoidance, and in some cases grammatical slips, which a careful reading could not have passed over. But so small a blemish detracts not at all from the value of the work, and is easy of remedy in a fresh edition.

The latest additions to the Franklin Square Library are "The Posy Ring," by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt; "The Rebel of the Family," by E. Lynn Linton; "Better than Gold," a story for girls, by Annie E. Ridley; and "Little Pansy," by Mrs. Randolph.

RECENT MAGAZINE ISSUES.

The February number of the "North American Review" contains an article by General Grant, endorsing the Nicaragua canal scheme. The history of the pulpit in New England is pleasantly discussed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Jas. Freeman Clarke's article on the Shakespearean authorship question will be found attended to in another column. A slightly unintelligible effusion of Walt Whitman's on the Poetry of the Future ranks with the other prose works of that remarkable man.

The "Art Amateur" for this month is chiefly remarkable for the really exquisite sketches of the American Water-colour Society Exhibition, and of the collection of Mr. W. T. Walters. There is also even more than usual an abundance of pleasing designs for painting and needlework, and some charming valentine cards. The letter-press, also, is readable and interesting, especially the musical article, on which the journal deserves to be congratulated.

The "Canadian Monthly" for February maintains the former standard of this interesting publication. A historical review of the intellectual development of the Canadian people, by J. G. Bourinot, is perhaps the most noticeable feature of the present issue, which contains also several essays and short stories, and some fair poetry, particularly a sonnet in Memory of Edward Irving, by Chas. Pelham Mulvany.

(2) Duty, by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THOMAS CARLYLE is dead.

HANLAN has returned to Putney, the Thames now being entirely clear of ice.

THE Central American Telegraph Company has issued its circular in Paris.

THE rise in the Sacramento river has caused damage estimated at \$1,000,000.

TENANTS on the estates of Lord Mayo and Lord Lurgan have been paying their rents.

THE Home Rule member for Longford County has seceded from the Parnell body.

A VIENNA despatch reports the discovery of a conspiracy against Prince Milan.

THE case against Carroll, one of the prisoners under trial for participation in the Biddulph tragedy, terminated recently in a verdict of not guilty.

AMUSEMENTS.

NORDHEIMER'S HALL.—On Monday night, January 31st, the Company which bears the name of M^{rs}. DONALDI, but the interest of which centres in Mr. LEVY, appeared before a rather slim audience, a fact with which the counter attraction of the St. GEORGE'S SNOW-SHOE CLUB had a good deal to do. Of Mr. LEVY's really wonderful playing so much has been said that it is enough to add that he was rapturously encored in his numbers, and good-humouredly as usual, complied, on the second occasion even responding to a further call. The "Last Adieu," which was specially composed for him by Sig. FILOTEO GRECO, was a really charming piece of music, especially adapted to the instrument for which it was written. If I may be allowed to make a suggestion to Mr. LEVY, it would be that the *Serenade Berceuse* of GOUNOD's, which formed his second number, loses much of its characteristic beauty, when taken as fast as he played it, especially be it said in the rallentando passage at the end of each verse. Miss SHEPARDSON, who appears here for the first time, left a very pleasing impression with us. Her simple, unaffected playing, especially in the well-known *Traumerei*, which she gave as an *encore*, had a charm of its own, and she lacks only what all lady violinists must lack, the force and power necessary to the interpretation of such music as the MENDELSSOHN *Concerto*, which she played charmingly but inadequately in this respect. Of Madame DONALDI's singing, perhaps the least said is the soonest mended. She may be a "great artist," but she was not to me at least a "sweet singer of Israel," or of any other country. And why is it, or how is it that so many professional singers will persist in singing "Italian" words (pardon me, ye shades of Dante) without having studied the rudiments of the pronunciation of that language. Will they ever learn, I wonder, that the most beautiful of modern tongues may be easily transformed into one of the most hideous, and that such a transformation destroys much of the illusion intended to be produced. The same criticism, I fear, must be extended to Mr. BONNEY, who in other respects may make a fair performer, though his singing at present is distinctly amateurish. Mr. WHITELEY's playing is so well known in Montreal that I only need to record his appearance in place of M^{rs}. CHARTERTON BOHRER, who armed with a Doctor's certificate retired from the programme.

THE ST. GEORGE'S SNOW-SHOE CLUB.—Being, unfortunately, unable to be in two places at once, I missed, as I understand, a treat at the St. GEORGE'S Concert. The affair was a decided success, and the production of an original drama by Mr. F. COLSON is a fact worthy to be chronicled. It is rumoured that the Club may repeat their frolics, and when that event occurs "may I be there to see."

CARRENO AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.—To say that M^{lle}. CARRENO's playing on Thursday last was almost perfect of its kind, is to say that she was CARRENO. There is little ever to criticize in her performances, now so well known in Montreal, except the music itself. The *Sonata Appassionata* with which the Concert opened offers remarkable scope for the display of her peculiar talents, especially in the *Allegro non troppo*, which was rendered most exquisitely. The *Barcarolle* of CHOPIN's which formed part of the second number lost none of its characteristic beauty at her hands, but in the *Adagio and Finale* from WEBER's C Major Sonata, she added, if possible, to the laurels she has already earned. M^{me}. CARRENO was assisted by Sig. TAGLIAPIETRA, whose refined singing won him an enthusiastic encore in GOUNOD's "La Wierth," and later, in the beautiful Torredor's song from the "CARMEN." By an oversight the piano was not closed during his numbers, and he suffered greatly from over-accompaniment in the pianissimo passages which he so excels in. A brief notice must suffice of this concert, but we are to have the pleasure of hearing M^{me}. CARRENO again on the 15th, when I shall hope to have more to say. If I may make a suggestion to the management, it would be to introduce, if possible, a little greater variety into the next performance. The last suffered in the eyes of many present from a suspicion of monotony.

MUSICUS.

VARIETIES.

A YOUNG man in Vermont received a curious wedding present from the æsthetic young lady to whom he is engaged to be married. She had a marble model of her foot made, and gave it to him for a paper-weight.

HERBERT SPENCER is preparing his autobiography. This is as it ought to be with a man of his mark. He will have much to tell us from a psychological point of view which no biographer would be able to tell us. It is to be re-

gretted that his health is declining, and that we may not have another of those able but somewhat interminable dissertations on sociology which make Herbert Spencer to psychology what Browning is to poetry—a wonder and a confusion in one.

THE GRAVITY OF ENGLAND.—Mark Twain had some idea of writing a book about England lately, but he found that he could not get any fun out of that part of the world. "It is too grave a country," he says, "and its gravity soaks into the stranger and makes him as serious as anybody else. When I was there, I couldn't seem to think of anything but deep problems of government, taxes, free-trade, finance; and every night I went to bed drunk with statistics."

MR. GOUGH made the following sensible and telling reply to a spiritualist who wanted Mr. Gough to attend a meeting to converse with his mother:—"If my mother who knows I love her dearly, and treasure every little relic she left behind her, and who knows that I would be glad to see her and hear her speak, will not communicate with me except through mediums, and séances, and table-rapping by a parcel of people who know nothing about her and care as little, I do not wish to hear anything; for I think my mother must be deteriorated to descend to such tricks to communicate with one who loves her as well as I do."

A CLERGYMAN LOSES HIS EDUCATION.—One of the strangest cases known in medical history—in fact, there are but about one half-dozen such cases reported in the world—has just been presented by the Rev. Marcus Ormond, of Pennsylvania, who is among friends in Rushville. He was, a few months ago, among the most eloquent and profound expounders of the gospel in the Presbyterian Church, and on returning to his town in Pennsylvania one day he found that his house, library, and everything he had had been consumed by fire. A day or so afterward he was stricken with brain fever. He recovered his health, but his memory was literally wiped out. His Greek, Latin and English were all gone. He had no language, and didn't even know his letters. His wife at once began to teach him the alphabet, and he can now read a little. He seems to be cheerful and contented, lacking nothing but what he once learned at school. He is, in appearance, a gentleman of intelligence. He hopes to again get back to where he jumped off so suddenly.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THAT study should be made as pleasant as possible for the pupil, no one will dispute, but that all training can be made mere amusement is an idle dream. Mr. Adams, in his excellent paper read at Chautauqua, while not directly asserting that all study can be made play, tells us that the boy learns to skate or to play ball "with infinite skill" without instruction, yet with all his painstaking fails to learn to write. Watch the boys as they play. There is as much diversity in the attainments on the playground as in the school-room, and in either place the one who gains above ninety per cent. gains it by patient effort. I have seen boys continue for an hour at a time doing what Mr. Adams thinks they never do—running imaginary courses, "pitching" and catching. They do this not for the present amusement but for the hope of future honor. When a picked eleven are expecting a "match game" of football they play a "scrub game" for practice. The pupil has many scrub games to play before the real contest comes; if they can be made pleasant so much the better, but in any event the practice must be had. I have heard the captain of a nine as sharply reprove one of his men for inattention as ever did a pedagogue who abstains from blows. On the playground as in the school-room the natural laziness of mankind, the enemy of all labour, whether physical or mental, must be met and overcome.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE "Partisan," the new opera by Count d'Osmond, is shortly to be performed at Nice.

MISS Clara Louise Kellogg has signed a contract to sing in Paris, after her Russian engagement, for twenty nights, at a salary of sixty thousand francs.

MR. E. LANGTRY writes saying that there is no foundation whatever for the rumour that his wife intends appearing on the stage.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP, who has not for a long time been heard on this continent, is announced to sing next Monday night at Steinway Hall, New York.

ALL manuscripts intended for competition for the \$1,000 prize at the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association, must be in the hands of the Committee on Prize Composition, Musical Festival Association, Cincinnati, on or before September 1st, 1881.

MR. HERMANN HELMER, in a lecture recently delivered in Vienna, said that the Opera House in that city cost six million gulden, and would seat 2,000 persons.

AMONG the New Year's gifts received by M^{lle} Marie Van Zandt was a star in diamonds and pearls sent to her by the Swedish Minister as a token of admiration for her genius.

BENEFACTORS.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical, but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubts and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honoured and blessed by all as benefactors.

THE LATE HON. MR. LETELLIER.

The Hon. Letellier de St. Just died at Rivière Ouelle on Friday night, after a long and painful illness. The deceased gentleman was born at Rivière Ouelle on the 12th of May 1820. He was the son of Francois Letellier by the daughter of the late Charles Casgrain, Esq., Seigneur of Rivière Ouelle. He was educated at St. Anne College, and married Eugenie, daughter of the late F. Laurent, Esq., of Quebec. He followed the profession of a notary, and was a member of the Executive Council of the United Canadas before Confederation as Minister of Agriculture, from May, 1863, to March, 1864. He was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council in 1873 in the Mackenzie Government, and was co-leader in the Senate with the Hon. R. W. Scott for the Government up to 1876, when he became Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, at a salary of \$10,000 per annum. He sat in the Canadian Assembly as representative of Kamouraska during the session of 1851, but was defeated in that country at the general elections in 1852 and 1857, and again, when he stood for the Quebec Assembly in 1869. He was also defeated for L'Islet in 1871, at the general elections for the Quebec Assembly. He represented the "Granville" division in the Legislative Council of Canada from 1860 until the union in 1867, when he was called to the Senate. Hon. Mr. Letellier was a staunch and consistent Liberal in politics, and his name will live in history as the chief actor in the constitutional struggle which terminated in his dismissal in 1879 from the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. It will be fresh in the mind of the public that Mr. Letellier dismissed his Ministry in March, 1878, for alleged disrespect to his office, that the elections which followed resulted in the defeat of the Ministry he called into office in the country, that a narrow majority was obtained by them in the Legislature, that the Dominion Government advised the dismissal of the Lieutenant-Governor for his unconstitutional act, and that the Governor-General, after submitting the question to the British Government, followed that advice. After his retirement from office, Mr. Letellier took no active part in politics, his failing health compelling him to abstain from physical exertion.

THE MONTREAL "STAR."

In presenting to our readers a portrait of HUGH GRAHAM, the energetic proprietor of the *Star*, we feel sure that we shall please him better if, in place of any personal account of himself, we give in brief a sketch of the life of the paper with which he is identified.



THE HON. LETELLIER DE ST. JUST.

The *Daily Star* was born on the 16th January, 1869, and threatened at first to be but short lived, owing to a somewhat erratic and imprudent editorial management. A change however in the *personnel* of the staff produced a corresponding change in its fortunes, and its circulation from this out increased rapidly. From 4,000 in 1872, it reached in 1874 to 6,300, and last year to 15,000. In 1870 the *Weekly Star* was started, and records a progress still more remarkable. For four years its circulation continued to double only, but from 1872 with the increase in the circulation of the *Daily*, came a rush on the *Weekly*, since which the issue ran up to 8,300 in 1873, 15,000 in 1874, 20,400 in 1875, 23,000 in 1876, and last year to the enormous figure of 45,000. In going over the establishment recently, we were shown upwards of 200 galleys filled with columns of names, 4 deep, of the regular subscribers to this most successful publication.

So much for the circulation. In the manner in which the *Star* has been printed an equally great stride has to be recorded. In 1870, a single cylinder hand press was used, with a capacity of 1,100 papers per hour, printed on one side only. A change was made in 1872, when a double cylinder hand-press was employed, raising the capacity of production to 3,000 per hour. Still, however, with the impression on one side only; 1875, however, saw a more marked change, and in that year a Prestonian web perfecting machine with a capacity of 8,500 perfect papers, increased its production more than four fold. Still, however, the process through which the paper passed was complicated as compared with the present. Separate machines had to be employed to fold the papers as each came in sheets from the press. But within the last few weeks the journalists and publishers of Montreal have been invited to examine one of the most complete triumphs of mechanical skill in the new "Scott" web printing and folding machines, two of which are now used in the production of the *Star*. The aggregate capacity of this wonderful combination is 44,000 printed and folded papers per hour. Before leaving the history of the paper itself to describe the new press more minutely, it may be interesting to note the statement of advertisements which shows as marked an increase from the first, as the circulation itself.

In 1870 were published 4,621 separate advertisements.

1872.....	8,156.
1874.....	11,723.
1876.....	20,119.
1878.....	29,746.
1880.....	37,462.

With this record of progress we will leave the paper and turn for a moment to the machine,



ON BOARD THE RICHELIEU.—(SEE PAGE 99.)

which, in company with most of the leading members of the press, we have lately had the privilege of inspecting.

Since the introduction of the web presses many attempts have been made to construct a machine which would fold the sheets as they are delivered from the press, and work automatically in combination with it. Until the past few years none have succeeded with any degree of success.

Early in 1872 Mr. Walter Scott, of Chicago, perfected his now famous Rotary Folding Machine, to work in combination with Web perfecting presses. Although delayed for some time by want of capital, yet he was the first to introduce a machine with one set of folding devices throughout, which would automatically fold the sheets as they came from the printing press without reducing its speed. The marvellous success attending this machine is owing principally to its rotary motion. All the folds are made by revolving creasers, and without the usual great complication of tapes and pulleys, flying cams, vibrating creases and switches, and an endless train of fine gearing and small wearing parts which require a man constantly watching and oiling.

Several makers have now constructed combined, printing and folding machines, but none of them seem to have the same success as Scott's machine, probably owing to the fact that they employ the old method of tapes and rollers with vibrating creasers. Some have even found it necessary to employ two or three sets of folding devices to each press so as to get up a fair rate of speed.

Mr. Scott also introduced the pasting and cutting arrangement, he having been the first to combine a printing, cutting, pasting and folding machine so that from a roll of paper perfect copies of a newspaper are produced automatically, with the leaves cut and pasted in book form.

The first impression which an ordinary spectator receives on entering the *Star* press room, after his ears have grown accustomed to the din, and his attention fixes itself upon the object of his visit, is one of absolute bewilderment. We have all heard of the famous sausage machine, where the pigs were driven in at one end and the sausages came out ready for cooking (or ready cooked, we forget which) at the other; but indeed, the results in the present instance are scarcely less remarkable. At one end of the machine, a roll of paper (five miles in length, he is told) is feeding itself (without even being driven like the pigs) into the mysterious engine, while at the other, in two different places ready folded copies of the *Star* are being pushed out as rapidly as one man can remove them in armfuls. If we go a step further back the rapidity of the pro-



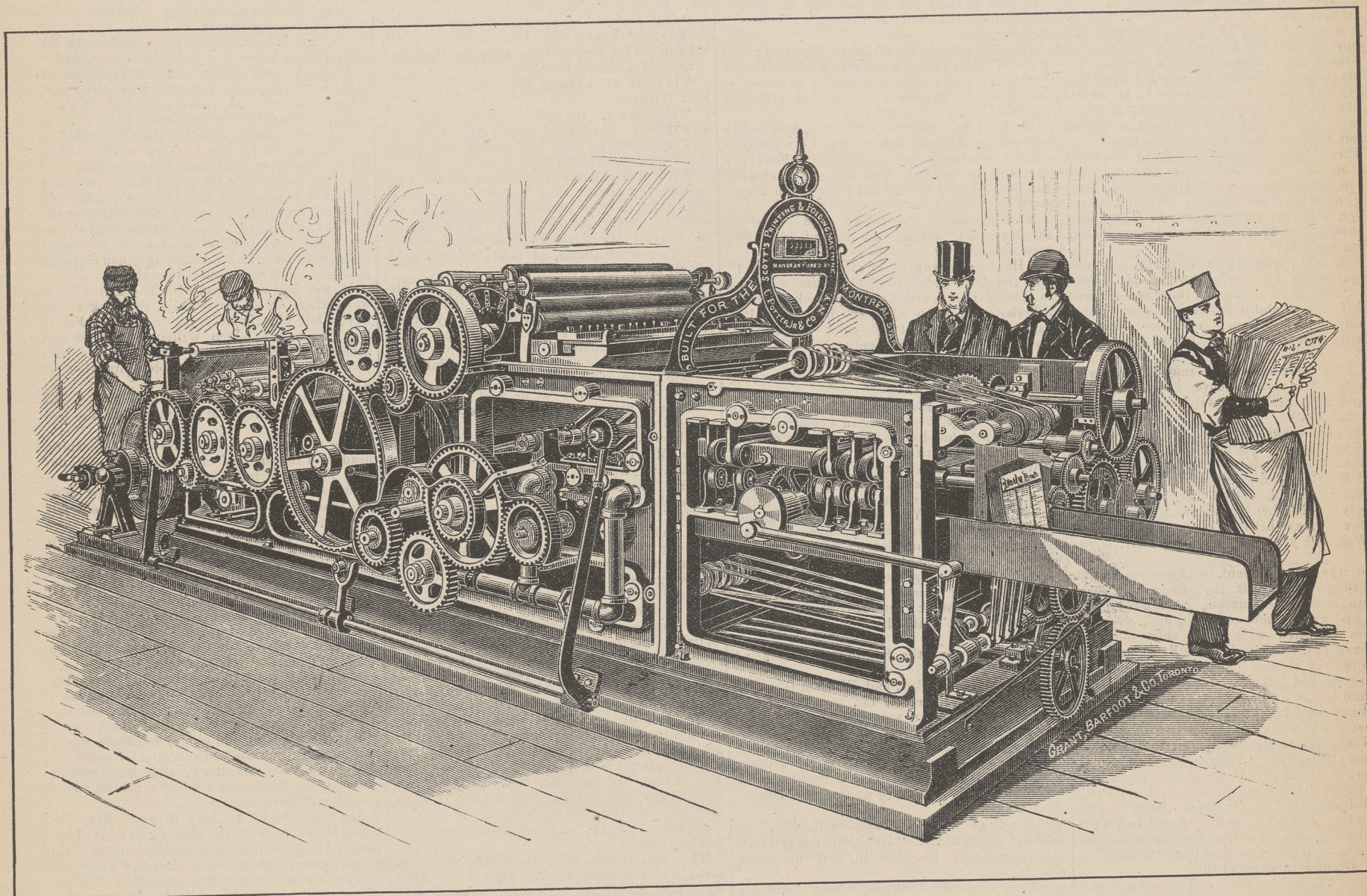
MR. HUGH GRAHAM.—PROPRIETOR OF THE "STAR."

cess is equally exemplified. The type forms, mounted on handsome brass carriages, are wheeled into the stereotyping room where, in a few minutes an impression is taken of them in *papier maché*. These *matrices*, as they are called, are laid in moulding boxes and within six minutes are cast in metal plates, cooled and trimmed ready for the press. The plates after casting are placed on the cylinders of the press, and the machine, by the mere movement of a lever, starts at lightning speed, delivering its hundreds of papers every minute. As the paper passes through the press its rapidity is so great that the eye cannot follow its twistings and turnings, up and down, backwards and forwards, here receiving the impression of the plates from the cylinders, there cut into sheets by the knife, now caught by the creasers, folded this way and that way, until a few seconds after its entrance into the maze of whirling machinery it reposes on the counter of the salesroom. But description fails us. The eye itself finds it almost impossible to take in the fact of this marvellous creation of man's genius, and no one who has not seen the press in action can possibly form an idea of its behaviour.

Those who have seen a drum cylinder printing press and a modern folding machine may obtain some idea of the astonishing capacity of the Scott presses when he is informed that the two new machines with five attendants in all, will perform in a given time as much work as fifty-eight of the drum cylinder machines and twenty-two folding machines requiring eighty-one attendants.

The most competent judges pronounce the Scott Printing and Folding Machine the very best press yet invented. Its special points of surpassing excellence are its compactness, the marvellous ingenuity of the folding appliance, speed, ease of access, and beauty of finish. The two machines built for the *Montreal Star* have been abundantly tested at a speed of twenty-two thousand perfect sheets per hour from each press. Each of the two machines in the *Star* office will print four different sizes of papers, a sixty-four column eight page; a fifty-six column eight page; a thirty-two column four page, and a twenty-eight column four page, and with both of the eight page sizes it cuts the sheets open, and pastes them together.

The time involved in changing the machines from an eight to a four page and *vice versa* is less than a minute, the whole mechanism being controlled by the simple movement of one lever. The way in which the Scott presses have bounded into public favour may be illustrated by the rapid advance in price. The two machines made for THE *STAR* and which cost thirty thousand dollars would, if ordered to-day, cost upwards of forty-five thousand.



THE NEW SCOTT WEBB PRESS AT THE STAR OFFICE.

AGAINST THE LAW.

A NOVEL.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "Footprints in the Snow," "The Silver Link," &c., &c

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN PURSUIT.

It is almost impossible to describe the scene that followed the discovery of Laura's disappearance.

Bingley's rage and consternation were fearful to witness.

"You must know something of this," he said to his sister, furiously. "It is a trick. I have been cheated and hounded amongst you!"

"I swear I know nothing, Richard!" said Mrs. Glynford, beginning to cry.

"Then, do you, sir?" said Bingley, turning to Mr. Glynford.

"No," answered Mr. Glynford, emphatically. "But my belief is that, between you, you have driven this poor lass to end her days."

"You think—" said Bingley, turning pale again and shuddering.

"I think," said Mr. Glynford, sternly, "that this unnatural marriage into which you were about to force her—yes, force her—has upset the poor girl's brain, and that most likely we shall find her at the bottom of the fish-pond or in the mud of the river."

Bingley did not speak for a moment or two. He staggered to a seat and sat down, staring blankly at the white wedding-dress hanging opposite to him.

Then suddenly he started to his feet again, and went to the toilette-table and opened the purse that was lying there.

"What money had she?" he said. "Maria, did you give her any of that which you had from me on her account?"

Mrs. Glynford flushed a little at this question.

"Yes," she answered, after a moment's thought. "I gave her ten pounds yesterday morning."

Then Bingley counted out the gold in the purse, and with almost a groan laid it down upon the table.

"How much is there?" said Mr. Glynford, eagerly, now approaching the toilette-table.

"Ten pounds," faltered Bingley.

"In that case," said Mr. Glynford, in a reticent tone, "we may have some hope that this poor girl has not put an untimely end to herself; for I know that she had more than ten pounds in her possession. Yesterday morning, in fact, I enclosed twenty pounds in an envelope—her half-year's salary—and sent it up to her, as I did not like her to leave my house without a little pocket-money of her own."

"Then," said Bingley, "dashing his hand down on the table before him, 'I consider that, in doing that, you acted in a most interfering, most improper manner. What business had you with her pocket-money? D'ye think I'd have let her go without pocket-money after she was my wife?'"

"I do not require to be taught by you how to regulate my actions," answered Mr. Glynford. "But the fact remains the same—I gave her that money, and if it has disappeared, she, probably, has fled from a marriage which was evidently hateful to her, with it in her possession."

"I'll hunt her out, then," said Bingley, vindictively. "If she's above ground I'll find her, and make her pay heavily for what she has done this day."

And, as he spoke, he seized the shining new hat which he had purchased for his wedding.

"She'll find friends ready to defend her," retorted Mr. Glynford, significantly.

"No friend can defend her," said Bingley, savagely. "Neither friends nor money can defend her. I have her fast."

"Wait till you find her," said Mr. Glynford.

And, the next moment, with a curse on his lips, Bingley had left the attic; and, after hurrying down the staircase, he threw himself into his grand new carriage; and, with his features distorted with rage, shouted to the coachman to drive him back to Farnham, and to the railway station there.

After he had left the attic, Mr. and Mrs. Glynford looked at each other.

"What could he mean?" said Mrs. Glynford. "What power could he have over her?"

"Now listen to me, Maria," said Mr. Glynford, emphatically. "Though that man is your brother, he enters this house no more; and, another thing, I'll do my best, and so, I am sure, will William, to discover where this poor girl has hidden. And when we have found her, we'll find means to defend her from Bingley, scoundrel that he is so to persecute that innocent girl!"

Mrs. Glynford fired up at this.

"I don't think you need call him that," she said, "for offering to marry a girl without a penny, and behaving in the handsome manner that he has done! Look at that!" continued Mrs. Glynford, pointing tragically to her wed-

ding-dress, "Do you know how much the lace on it cost a yard?"

"Hang the lace!" said Mr. Glynford, completely losing his temper. "All I know is that you and Bingley between you have driven a nice, and, I believe, a good girl, perhaps to destruction. But I'll not waste my time talking to you. I'll go into the town, and see William at once; and surely between us we shall hit upon something."

After saying this, Mr. Glynford also quitted the attic, and Mrs. Glynford was left with the finery she so much admired. This she carefully collected before descending to her own room. She also took charge of Laura's purse and all the ornaments which Bingley had given the unhappy girl. And while doing this, Mrs. Glynford became further convinced that Laura had not committed, nor contemplated, self-destruction; but had merely run away to escape a marriage which her husband had truly said must be hateful to her.

She had two reasons for coming to this conclusion, and these were that the locket which her nephew, William Glynford, had given Laura was not among the jewels lying scattered about; and also that Laura's ordinary hat and jacket had disappeared.

"She has run away," decided Mrs. Glynford. "I have thought her very strange lately, and believe now that she has gone quite out of her mind. She must have locked the attic door behind her, and taken away the key, so as to get more time. Well, from first to last, this has been the most extraordinary affair I ever knew."

Meanwhile, Bingley was making the most minute and particular inquiries at the railway station if any one at all answering the description of Laura had gone in any of the early morning trains.

But he could gain no satisfactory information. One or two women had taken tickets; but no one at the station seemed to have taken much notice of them. One man remembered a young girl in black passing him; but he had not looked at her, he said.

While Bingley was still pursuing his inquiries, William Glynford and his uncle also arrived at the station.

Bingley glared at William Glynford; and when William proceeded to take a ticket for the South express, which was shortly expected to pass through, Bingley's exasperation broke all bounds.

He went up to the two Glynfords, and rudely addressing William, asked him for what purpose he was starting on a journey. "For if it's anything to do with Miss Keane," continued Bingley, "I may as well tell you at once it's no good."

William made no answer. He stared at Bingley; and, taking the arm of his uncle, drew him away.

"Has it anything to do with Miss Keane?" said the draper, following them and speaking so loudly that several people looked round. "Perhaps you know where she has gone? Perhaps this is a plan between you? But if it is, she'll rue the day. I've only to give information to lodge her in the common gaol!"

"What?" said William Glynford, looking round sharply.

"Yes," said Bingley, beside himself with passion: "I could lodge her in a common gaol, and I've paid hundreds to keep her out of one; and this is her gratitude!"

William Glynford turned very pale, and threw a look of contempt on Bingley. "So this was how you forced her to promise to marry you?" he said. "You knew something that this poor girl had innocently done—for I am sure that she committed no crime; but you found out something about her, I suppose, and so compelled her to promise that which has almost broken her heart?"

"I'll quite break her heart before I have done with her!" said Bingley, clenching his hand.

At this moment the South express steamed into the station.

Bingley had no ticket, and William Glynford had. Bingley, therefore, ran to get one; and thus the two men were separated.

When Bingley returned, panting, to the platform, he could see nothing of the Glynfords. He therefore jumped into the train, without knowing whether William had started in it or not. He had not, having at the last moment changed his mind.

"I will go first to Seaton-by-the-Sea," he had said to his uncle. "Her mother may know something—may be able to give me some clue."

"Then keep out of Bingley's way," said his uncle. "Come round here." And William followed him, and from the refreshment-room windows they saw Bingley start in the South express.

CHAPTER XIX.

STILL LOST.

William Glynford arrived at Seaton-by-the-Sea in the evening, and made his way to the old gray house where Mrs. Keane and her young daughter lived.

He asked to see Maud; and presently, flushed and excited, she came—almost running into the room.

"It is you, then!" she said. "I was so surprised when I saw your card! You have come about—my book?"

"No, Miss Maud," said William, taking her hand very gravely and kindly. "I have come about your sister."

"About Laura? Why, this is her wedding-day! She is married now, I suppose?" said Maud.

"No," answered he; and proceeded to tell the astonished girl how Laura had disappeared.

Before his story was finished he saw that Maud knew nothing about her sister.

The poor young girl, indeed, was greatly overcome.

"It is all that horrid man!" she said—"that horrid Bingley! When she wrote and said she was going to marry him I thought she must have gone mad. We have not heard from her since, but he has written to our mother, and made all sorts of fine offers. But where can she have gone? You don't think she has done anything to herself, do you? Oh, no, no! And yet I have sometimes been tempted in my misery to end it all—before you helped me about my book!"

"We can but hope that she is safe!" said William, with quivering lips. "But you must help me to find her, Maud. Can I see your mother to-night?"

Maud hesitated and coloured.

"I—I do not know!" she said, looking towards the floor.

"Well, to-morrow, then?" he said, understanding the poor girl's embarrassment.

And the next morning he did see Mrs. Keane.

He found her in a pitiable state of excitement and alarm, for Maud had broken to her the news of Laura's disappearance.

"Oh, what can have happened to her, Mr. Glynford?" she said. "What did she run away? I—I cannot understand it!"

"We must try to find her," said William. "The most likely place in which to discover her is, I think, London. Now, why I wished so much to see you this morning was to propose that you and your daughter should accompany me thither, so that together we might search for Laura."

"I—I do not know how to manage it," said Mrs. Keane. "The truth is, Mr. Glynford, I have no money to go with."

"Oh, I would supply that!" said William, eagerly. "It will cost you nothing. I will take rooms for you, and pay all your expenses."

Still Mrs. Keane hesitated.

"Is there still a reason to prevent you going?" said William.

"How can I," she said, sobbing, "tell you, a stranger? But—but I cannot go, because we owe money here, and the tradespeople would think we were running away from our debts."

William Glynford was rich and generous, and, moreover, he cared very deeply for the young girl, whom he now believed had loved him too truly to marry another man. With a smile, therefore, he held out his hand to the woman, whose sense of shame, at least, was not completely lost.

"Mrs. Keane," he said, "please do not distress yourself. Will you give me a list of what you owe here, and I will settle all your accounts; or, will you tell me the amount, and I will give you a check? Please allow me to do this. It will be a pleasure to me to think that I am of use to—Laura's mother."

His voice faltered as he said the last few words, and his unexpected kindness quite overcame Mrs. Keane.

"How—how can I thank you?" she said. "Ah, Mr. Glynford, did you, then, care for my darling girl?"

"Yes," answered William, and turned away his head.

After this confession their arrangements were soon made.

Never before had Mrs. Keane had such an amount of ready money as she possessed on the following day.

She went from tradesman to tradesman, and with a rather lofty air, paid all her accounts. They supposed that her pretty daughter was married, and to a rich man, and, therefore, she was treated with the utmost politeness.

But the same afternoon, to the surprise of the whole village, the old gray stone house, where the Keanes had lived so long, was found to be shut up, and the mother and daughter, the gossips learned before long, had started together for London.

This was all their young handmaiden knew. Mrs. Keane had paid her her wages and discharged her, and had given no hint as to when they intended to return to Seaton-by-the-Sea.

So, little by little, their neighbours ceased to talk of them.

The old house, with its closed shutters, scarcely looked more desolate than it had done while Mrs. Keane and her young daughter were living in it.

The spring came, and the sun began to shine on it, and the birds twittered about the closed windows, and still the Keanes did not return.

Amid the mighty masses of a great city they were looking for one they could not find. Laura Keane had disappeared, and neither mother nor lover could discover a trace of her.

CHAPTER XX.

A WAIT.

About two months after Mrs. Keane had left Seaton-by-the-Sea, one hot sunny afternoon in London, a pale, wearied-looking young woman entered a fashionable perfumer's shop in one of the great thoroughfares, carrying a small parcel in her hand.

She had a thick gauze veil, and her languid movements gave you the impression that she was suffering from great bodily fatigue. She went into the perfumer's shop also with a faltering step, and, approaching the counter, asked the well-dressed, self-satisfied-looking woman standing behind it if they bought fans painted by ladies.

"Never!" answered this person, without one glance of pity at the drooping form of the applicant.

"Would—would you look at one?" said the young woman; and as she spoke she unfolded her parcel and held out a white silk fan, very delicately painted, for the person behind the counter to inspect.

She just glanced at it, and that was all. "We never buy such things," she said. "Ladies paint their own fans very often now-a-days, and paint them tolerably well, too. No; it would be of no use to us."

With a sigh she could not suppress, the owner of the fan replaced it in its former cover. "Then, you—ever give anything out to be painted?" she asked, timidly.

"We have regular people who do our work," replied the substantial lady behind the counter. "Come, young woman, if that is all your business, you may as well move off, for we have nothing for you."

Such was the answer she got; and this was the third shop to which this poor, tired girl had carried her fan the same afternoon. She had paid twelve shillings for the fan before she had painted it, and had drawn design after design, before touching her fan.

Then she had painted it delicately and well, while half-fed, weary, and heart-sore. But, when she had finished it, she was sure it was good, and she carried it out to sell.

It was five o'clock now, and she had been out in the sun since three. She had eaten nothing all day but a penny bun, and was faint and weary. She had reckoned upon selling her fan to pay for her lodging and to buy something to eat, and had reckoned upon receiving orders for more fans—perhaps expecting pleasant words and compliments upon her industry and skill.

Alas! she had got nothing. No money—no orders—no compliments!

She left the perfumer's shop, and with faltering steps proceeded down the hot streets.

Everyone seemed busy and hurrying on with some fixed purpose. But the poor, tired girl, with her rejected fan, knew not where to turn.

The landlady of the miserable little room in an obscure street in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, where for the last few weeks she had lived and toiled, had that morning demanded her week's rent from her young lodger, who had promised to pay it in the afternoon, and had gone out hopefully, to return filled with despair. "What shall I do?" she thought; and a moment later had put her hand up to her slender throat, and, with a bitter sigh, had clutched at a large gold locket suspended there.

It was her one treasure! Through all her wanderings, in all her troubles, this locket had never left her throat night nor day. For it was the locket which William Glynford had given to Laura Keane on the very day that had commenced her miserable entanglement with Bingley.

And, with a moan, she now remembered that it was the only article of any value that she had left!

The sun came burning down on her aching head, and the rush of carriages went past her and, faint and dizzy, she stumbled on.

She must part with her locket—part with the inanimate token of a love that she felt would never change!

It was cruel—too cruel! Tears rolled down her pale cheeks as she walked on. Then suddenly she thought of the river, the dark, cold river, sweeping beneath the bridges, from which many a poor, weary spirit had taken flight!

But as this gloomy temptation passed through her mind, she looked up, and was attracted by a pawnbroker's shop on the opposite side of the street. Then, she reflected that, perhaps, she could pawn her locket, and redeem it some day when fortune was a little more kind to her; and, after hesitating a moment or two, she endeavoured to cross the crowded thoroughfare.

But she was faint and giddy, and there was a rush of carriages; and somehow, in a moment, she felt that she was struck, and, blinded and terrified, she fell, while a heavy crushing wheel passed over her arm.

She was caught up and dragged from beneath the carriage by the sturdy arm of a policeman. He pulled her to a cab-rest, and a little crowd gathered around her. But the poor girl neither saw nor heard anything of this. She lay like one dead in the big policeman's arms who had rescued her, and the report got about that a young woman had been killed in the streets.

But she was not killed. When sense and memory returned to her she found herself lying

in the accident ward of a great hospital—one amid the many poor injured creatures who were writhing there!

Two doctors were examining her arm when she came to her senses.

"A bad compound fracture," said one, handling her arm, and giving her intense pain.

"Yes," said the other, looking at the girl.

He was thinking how pretty she was.

Not many so pretty were carried into that ward.

Mostly rough men, with hard and work-worn features, were brought there.

And the girl naturally attracted the doctor's attention.

"Ah, you are coming round?" he said, addressing Laura, for he saw that she had now recovered consciousness.

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice. "Am I badly hurt?" she asked the next moment.

"Your arm is broken," said the doctor.

"But you must keep up your heart, and it will be all right. Were you alone when this happened?"

"Yes," again said Laura.

"Humph!" said the doctor; and then they proceeded to set her arm.

It was very seriously injured. The delicate flesh was mangled and torn by the cruel wheels, as well as the bone broken in two places.

Laura's sensitive organization could not bear the pain she was called upon to endure during the next half hour.

She relapsed into insensibility, and while she was in this condition the doctor who had so admired her noticed, while endeavouring to revive her, the handsome gold locket that was suspended round her neck.

He was a youngish man, pale, and somewhat cynical, and with a smile he lifted the locket in his hand, then saw the valuable diamond and star in its centre, and stood looking musingly at Laura.

He was wondering who she could be.

A girl picked up in the London streets, without any address or money about her!

This didn't seem over respectable, thought the doctor; but there was something in her looks which told a different story.

"She has run away from home, perhaps," he reflected, still gazing at her.

He called one of the nurses, and pointed out Laura's locket to her.

"Mind, it's a valuable one," he said; "so look after it."

"I wish you would take charge of it, Doctor Hay," said the nurse.

Doctor Hay was the house-surgeon of the hospital into which Laura had been carried, and, after a moment's thought, he decided to take charge of the locket.

"Unfasten it from her neck, nurse," he said, "and I will lock it away. It's too valuable a thing to be round the neck of an insensible woman, and you can tell her when she comes to herself who is taking care of it."

The nurse unfastened the locket from Laura's fair, slender throat, and placed it in the doctor's hands.

He looked at it with some curiosity. It was such a contrast to everything else that Laura wore.

"There is a history about it," decided the doctor, as he carefully looked it away.

During the next three days Laura Keane was very ill. The shock which her system had received had been a most severe one, and for some time the doctors had grave doubts whether she would survive it. She was delirious at times, and talked about a wedding-dress, which she ever fancied was hanging beside her bed.

This idea seemed to haunt her; and, one day, Doctor Hay stood listening while she rambled on about bridal robes and shrouds, the two words mingling in her thoughts apparently with strange persistency.

Her disjointed talk further convinced the doctor that she had a history; and when the nurse who attended on her told him that her first conscious act was to put her hand to her throat, and ask anxiously what had become of her locket, the house-surgeon determined, when he restored it to her, to make some inquiries as to her past life. He did this the same day.

After he had examined her injuries, he said, half-jocularly, "Well, I have some property here of yours to restore."

And he held out, as he spoke, Laura's locket towards her.

The young girl coloured deeply.

"Thank you!" she said, stretching out her uninjured arm.

Still the doctor did not give it to her.

"It's a love-gift, I suppose?" he said, smiling.

"It was given to me by some one whom I love," answered Laura, in her soft, pathetic voice.

"He's a happy fellow, then," said the doctor. "But how comes it, young lady," he added, "that this happy fellow allowed you to be rambling alone about the streets of London?"

"We—we are parted," said Laura, again colouring painfully, and turning away her head. "In all human probability, I shall never see again the friend who gave me that locket."

"Then, if I were you, I would forget him as fast as possible," said the doctor, still smiling. "Life is too short to be passed in regretting a lost love."

"Not when you really love," answered Laura, in a low tone.

And the doctor felt abashed before the girl's rebuke.

But he was not a bad fellow—was, indeed,

a man with generous instincts and a kindly heart, though, as he often said, the air of a London hospital was not conducive to general philanthropy.

Hundreds of miserable beings carried in to be under his care, and hundreds limping out, had gradually hardened the doctor's heart to the sufferings he saw endured, and those that he well knew had yet to be borne after his patients had left his charge.

But Laura really interested him. To begin with, she had very pretty features, and a soft, musical voice; and, to go on with, he was a youngish, unmarried man, and she was a young woman.

"And desperately in love with some other fellow," he thought, rather discontentedly, as he went through the wards on the morning after he had had the brief conversation with her about her locket, and had restored it to her, and the nurse had, by Laura's wish, fastened it round her slender throat.

After Doctor Hay had finished his morning's work, and had examined nearly all those who lay in the accident ward, the matron of the hospital—a comely woman—tapped him on the shoulder just as he was about to descend the staircase of the hospital.

"I want a word with you, doctor," she said, and motioned to him to enter her own sitting-room.

He followed her in, and the matron said, "It's about that young girl in the accident ward—the pretty girl with the compound fracture in her left arm. I have just had an application about her from a detective officer. It seems that a young girl, answering the description given of her by the policeman who picked her up in the streets under the carriage wheels to the detective, ran away from the town of Farnham about two months ago, and her friends are greatly anxious concerning her, and have offered a reward for her recovery. The policeman who picked her up and brought her here applied to the detective that has the case in hand, and who now has come to me to know if that young woman is still here. I told him, of course, that she was, and he has asked leave to bring one of her friends to-morrow, on the visiting day, for the purpose of identifying her. What do you say to it?"

"Humph!" said the house-surgeon, putting his hand through his hair, which was a trick of his when he was considering anything. The idea was unpleasant to him somehow, and yet he felt that it ought not to be unpleasant. "I have thought," he said, presently, "that there was some history, or mystery, connected with this girl."

"She's very pretty," said the matron, looking at the doctor.

"Well," he said, "we must, of course, allow her friends to see her. However, I'll stand by my fair patient when the visitors come in. For one thing, she is too ill to be exposed to any sudden shock; for another, perhaps she had very good reason for running away."

"And, after all," said the matron, "she may not be the girl they are looking for."

"Most likely not," answered the doctor.

Yet, nevertheless, when the visitors were allowed to enter the wards of the hospital on the following day, the doctor took his place by Laura's bedside.

"I forgot to tell you this morning," he said to her, "that this is the afternoon in the week when the patients' friends are allowed to visit them; so you must not be frightened at seeing strangers come in."

"I have no friends to come," answered Laura, rather anxiously. "Could I not have a screen placed so as to conceal me?"

"I am afraid not," said the doctor.

Presently the visitors came streaming in—mostly poor, pale-looking, hard-worked women, who came to see some injured husband or son. Laura was lying in a small off-hand ward, into which only women and one or two men (friends of the sufferers) entered.

Then, by-and-by, came the matron, and with her were two men.

The matron advanced to the bed on which Laura was lying, with the doctor standing beside it, and then she looked back for the two men to approach.

They did so, and Laura looked up at the first one, who was a stranger to her. Then she glanced towards the other, and beheld Bingley.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHERE LAURA WAS HIDDEN.

Laura gave a half-cry as she recognized Bingley, and tried to draw the bed-clothes over her head.

But it was too late.

Bingley made a hasty step forward toward the bed.

"So I have found you out at last!" he said, in a savage undertone. "I swore that if you were above ground I would trace you out."

"Pardon me, sir," said Doctor Hay, at this moment, bending down, and laying his fingers on Laura's wrist; "but this young lady is my patient, and is in no condition at present to go through any exciting scene, and I must, therefore, ask you to withdraw."

"This young lady is my wife," answered Bingley, dogmatically—"or as good as my wife, at least; for, in a fit of madness or obstinacy, she ran away on her wedding-day; and I have, therefore, the best right to see after her, and must request that she be immediately removed from this hospital to a private house."

Then Laura grasped the doctor's hand imploringly.

"You won't allow this?" she said. "I am helpless; but you won't allow this man to take me away?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor, coolly. "My good sir," he continued, addressing Bingley, "were this lady twenty times your wife, you would have no authority over her here. She was brought into this hospital as a patient, and until discharged cured, here she must remain."

"I am not his wife," said Laura, eagerly. "I shall never be his wife."

"You know your choice, then!" said Bingley, scowling.

"At all events, no such discussion may be carried on here," said the doctor, authoritatively. "You must leave the ward, sir. This lady is not in a fit state to carry on an exciting conversation."

"You had best come away for the present, sir," said the police-officer, who had accompanied Bingley to the hospital, addressing him in a low tone. "We have found the lady, it seems, and she is quite safe here, and can't leave without our knowing it."

So Bingley felt compelled to quit the ward, and went with the feeling that it was unsafe to let Laura out of his sight again for a moment now that he had found her.

He had sought her with extraordinary diligence, and had used every means in his power to discover her in vain, until her appearance had struck the policeman who had snatched her from the carriage wheels as corresponding with that of the young lady advertised for, and for whose discovery a handsome reward was offered.

This policeman had communicated his suspicion to the superintendent at Scotland Yard, who was employed by Bingley, and thus his visit to the hospital.

He left it greatly excited. He had found her again—the girl whom he scarcely knew whether he loved or hated most—the girl who had jilted him, made a fool of him, and who had cost him hundreds and hundreds of pounds—and yet he still desired to marry her!

Here was a man, past his youth—a man hard, and worldly, and sensible enough as a rule—acting like a madman.

Even his sister had pointed out his folly to him when weeks and weeks went by, and Richard Bingley was still seeking Laura Keane.

"What purpose will it answer, even if you do find her?" Mrs. Glynford had said to her brother. "Surely you would not marry her now?"

"Would I not?" answered Bingley, darkly. "I mean to find her and marry her, and there's an end of it!"

And so he sought on.

He learned that she had gone to London, and this, of course, was some help.

How he learned this happened thus:

For a few moments now let us go back to Laura after she had bidden good-night to Bingley on the evening before the day which was to be her wedding-day.

She had had, ever since her engagement, a vague idea that she would die before her marriage. But death seldom comes to those who long for it; so Laura lived on, and her aching heart beat still.

Then came her last meeting with William Glynford; and after this she determined never to marry Bingley.

But how to escape?

There was a deep pond in the grounds of Bridgenorth House, and she made up her mind that, rather than be Bingley's wife, when they sought for the bride they should find her beneath the water there.

But she was young, and when Mr. Glynford gave her the twenty pounds the day before the wedding, she suddenly thought of another scheme. She would disappear.

She went up early to her attic room, and pretended she had retired for the night. But while the servants were at supper, and the master and mistress of the house were sitting together in the drawing-room, she stole down the back staircase, after locking the door of her attic behind her, and went out of the house by the back entrance, and was thus locked out when the family retired to bed.

Then she walked on into the country as fast as her feet could carry her. She had made up her mind to go near no railway station, but to try to hide herself in some obscure country farmhouse or cottage.

And fortune favoured her.

As she walked swiftly on along the dark and unknown country roads, she heard a groan and a faint cry for help.

Presently she tripped, and nearly fell over some dark object lying on the footpath, and she perceived that it was the prostrate form of a man over which she had so nearly fallen.

Greatly startled, she yet retained some presence of mind.

"Who are you," she asked, bending down, "and what is the matter?"

"The mare's thrown me," answered the man, "and my leg's broken, I think."

"Do you live near?" inquired Laura.

"At Southdale Farm," said the man. "I'm George Morely, the farmer."

"Can't you walk?" she said. "Or, if you will direct me to your house, I'll go and get assistance."

George Morely, upon this, tried to get up; but found he could not stand. In fact, George Morely had taken too much whiskey; and, in returning home after his potations, had either fallen off or been thrown off his horse.

From his present condition, Laura concluded that most likely he had fallen off, particularly as his horse was standing a little further down the road, quietly cropping the scanty herbage by way of passing the time until her master was sufficiently recovered to resume his seat on her.

However, George Morely had enough sense about him still to be able to direct Laura correctly to find his house; for the accident had happened to him not a quarter of a mile from his own door.

An old, broken-down-looking farm-house was Southdale. Laura at once concluded that she must be right as she approached the homestead; for the front door of the house was open, and an anxious woman was peering out, holding a light above her head, and evidently looking out for the absent master.

"Who be you?" she asked, sharply, as Laura neared the doorway.

"Are you Mrs. Morely, the farmer's wife?" said Laura.

"Yes. Naught's happened to him, surely?" inquired the woman; and turned pale as she asked the question.

"Nothing serious, I hope," said Laura, kindly. "He has been thrown from his horse, has injured his leg, and is lying on the road not far from here; but you need not be afraid. He will be right enough when you have got him home."

The woman leaned against the doorway and grasped Laura's hand.

"You are not deceiving me, are you?" she said, in a trembling voice. "He's not worse than you say?"

"No; indeed he is not," said Laura, feeling much compassion for the poor, anxious wife.

"If you rouse one of the men to hold him on his horse, he will be at home in a few minutes."

"Ay, to hold him on his horse," muttered the woman, recovering herself. "I understand now."

But she did rouse one of the farm-servants, and then herself accompanied Laura to the spot where her husband was lying. But no sooner did she see his condition than the anxious and really loving wife changed her tone, and spoke to him with great bitterness and contempt.

"Ay; so you've been at it again!" she said.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"My dear, I—I am ashamed—rather ashamed, that is," hesitated George, in husky accents.

"But the—the mare was skittish. She—in fact, let me go over her head."

"Don't talk, and make a greater fool of yourself," said his wife, angrily. "Lift him up, Jack!" she went on, addressing the farm-servant.

And so the young farmer was ignominiously tilted up on his horse again, the animal standing quite still, evidently well accustomed to that sort of thing.

The farm-servant led the horse, and Laura walked behind with the angry wife.

"How did you find him?" asked Mrs. Morely, presently. "It's late for you to be out on the roads."

"Yes," answered Laura, who had been considering what she should say; "but I left my home this evening and don't mean to return to it. Can you give me a bed for the night, Mrs. Morely? I will pay you for it."

The farmer's wife hesitated, and then consented.

An hour later, Laura found herself resting her weary frame in a clean, white-curtained bed, in a neat but scantily-furnished room.

The next morning she felt too ill to rise, and, after an interview with the farmer's wife, took her present room for a week.

And she remained three weeks at Southdale Farm.

It was a low-lying, isolated spot, and she felt that she was safer there than she could have been anywhere else.

The farmer's wife was an industrious, clean, notable young woman, really deeply attached to her "George"; but she was bad-tempered and parsimonious.

She rarely left her home; and a newspaper found its way there sometimes once a week. Mrs. Morely asked Laura no questions, as she was regularly paid; and so, some seven or eight miles from Farnham, Laura lived on unknown, while two men were seeking her all over the country in vain.

But even in the cheap way she was living the twenty pounds she had brought with her from Bridgenorth House was fast melting away, and she at last determined to venture from the quiet spot where she had found shelter.

She little imagined, however, that nearly all the time she had been at the homestead Mrs. Morely had guessed whom she was.

George Morely, the farmer, had chanced to bring home one of the country newspapers on the Saturday after her arrival there, and Mrs. Morely had read an advertisement in it, offering a reward for the discovery of a young lady who had left her home on the very night that Laura had found the farmer on the road.

Mrs. Morely was a covetous young woman, and was greatly troubled in her mind as to whether she would gain more by continuing to let her spare room to a good lodger, or by applying for the reward for the discovery of the lost young lady.

No sooner, therefore, did Laura tell her that she was going to leave, than Mrs. Morely determined to apply for the reward. She, however, had a husband, who was a very different character to herself. A free, good-hearted, jovial man was George Morely, the farmer, and when his wife gave him a hint of what she intended to

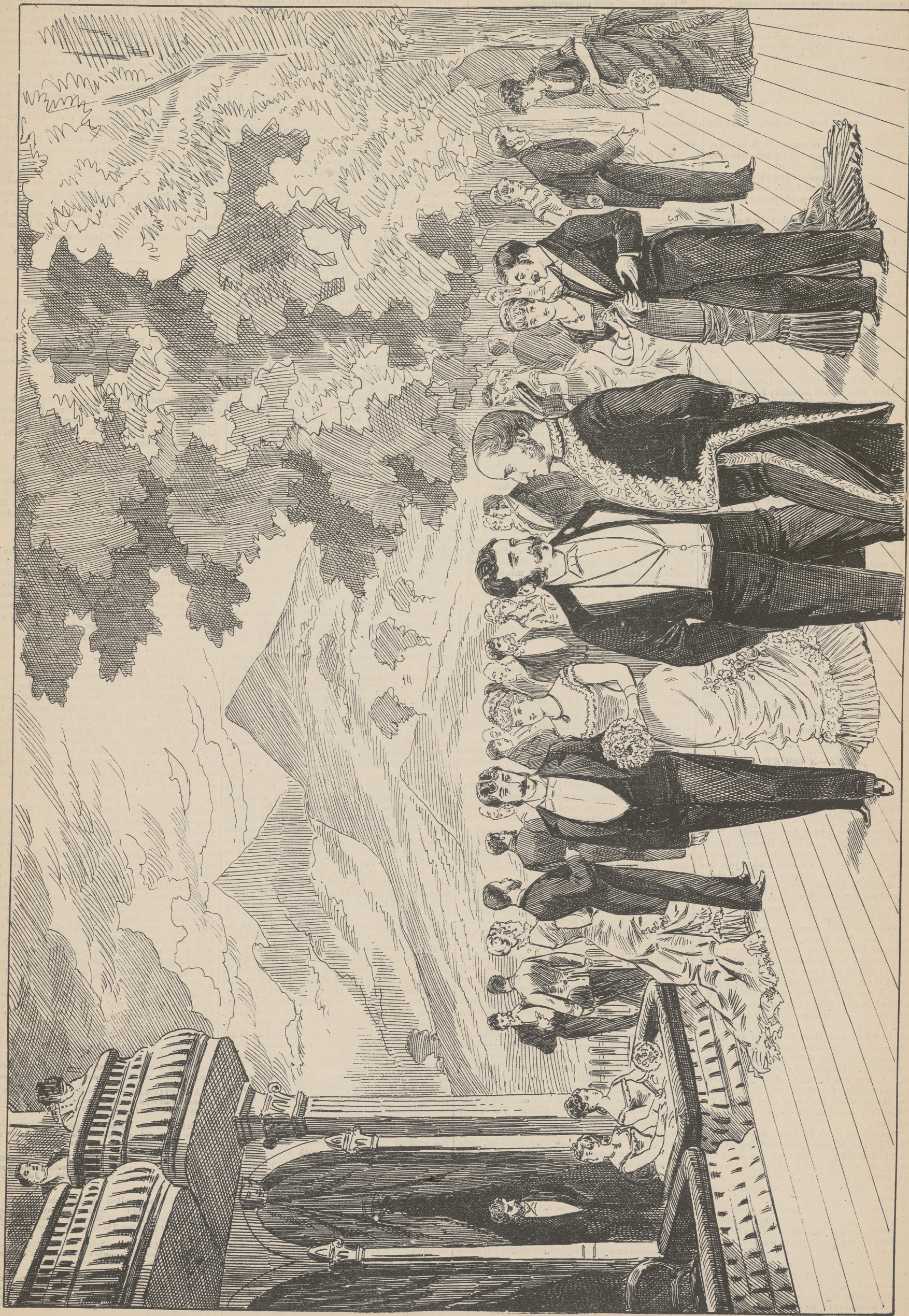


THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE STOREKEEPERS AND THE COMPANY'S EMPLOYEES.



THE BLOCKADED CARS AFTER THE BATTLE.

TORONTO.—SNOWING UP THE TORONTO STREET CAR COMPANY.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. N. LANGTON.—SEE PAGE 99.



BALL GIVEN BY THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, TORONTO.

do, George Morely told her plainly enough that she was behaving very badly, and that he would give his countenance to nothing of the sort.

Mrs. Morely, however, persisted, and one morning started off to Farnham on foot (for her husband would not drive her there), to give information to Mr. Bingley's solicitor where the missing young lady was likely to be found.

But scarcely had Mrs. Morely left the home-stand on her inhospitable errand, when George Morely told Laura the whole story, offering, at the same time, to drive her, if she wished it, to a distant railway station.

We can understand how gratefully this offer was accepted.

When Mrs. Morely returned to Southdale, Laura was gone, and the farmer's wife was thus unable to demand the full reward.

But her information proved two things clearly to Bingley. One was, that Laura was alive and well; another, that he knew where she had now gone.

She had told George Morely that she was going to London, and Mrs. Morely, of course, repeated this to Bingley and his solicitor.

So she got something, after all, for her trouble, but not enough to repay her for the very serious quarrel which took place between herself and her husband on the subject. And after all, she loved him better than money, and was thus a loser by the transaction.

Bingley again went to London, with renewed hope, to search for Laura. He knew all about the notes now which had brought such trouble on the poor girl, and how they had come into her possession.

But it suited him to keep the secret; but when he found Laura lying in a London hospital, he knew what would certainly have weakened his power over her if the truth had been told.

After her arrival in London, Laura took a little room in an obscure street, and tried to earn a livelihood, but had no chance among professional workers.

Penniless, half-starved, and utterly weary and disappointed, she was run over in the streets, and carried to an hospital.

And on this visiting day, when Bingley and the detective officer had left the ward, the house-surgeon bent down and said in Laura's ear, "You had better tell me your story, and perhaps I may be able to help you."

She fixed on him a frightened, appealing look, and the cold, practical doctor felt a strange and unaccustomed emotion stir in his heart.

"Keep quiet now," he added, "and do not be afraid. No one shall take you away from here without your own consent. I will come and see you in the evening, and if you like then to tell me your story, I will do what I can for you."

Laura decided to tell Doctor Hay everything.

Bitter experience had come to her since she had fled from Farnham. She knew now that to struggle on in London without friends or help of any kind would be a hopeless effort. And she knew now, also, that she would rather stand before a criminal bar than marry Bingley.

(To be Continued.)

SCENE—A COURT.

"Do I understand, Mrs. Sloan," said the magistrate, "that you make a charge of attempted infanticide against your husband?"

"Well, not exactly that," replied Mrs. Sloan.

"You see, I—"

"One minute—permit me to explain," exclaimed Mr. Sloan. "Your Honour, the situation is this. We have one baby, a year and a half old, and then we have twins just two months old. Little cherubs both of them. Their mother's turn-up nose, perhaps, but my eyes, and my amiable expression."

"His hair, too, your Honour," said Mrs. Sloan, "his hair—red!"

"Before we were married, may it please the court," said Mr. Sloan, "she was fond of alluding to it as auburn. But no matter. She went yesterday to a Women's Suffrage Convention. I stayed at home with the children—three of them, your Honour! I have only two arms. When two of the little folks cried I would set down a silent one, and carried those that screamed. Then the one I put down would begin, and I'd have to pick him up and lay down another, and then it would scream. I tried to carry the odd one pig-a-back, but it was no use—he would slip down and bump his nose on the floor. Imagine the situation. It was hard. I was nearly wild—only two nursing bottles, too, and the third baby yelling like a Crow Indian while the twins were feeding."

"Couldn't he suck his thumb?" asked the magistrate.

"Mrs. Sloan won't let him. She closed the gate of joy, so to speak, against her own offspring! absolutely prohibiting the child from sucking its own thumb! Nero, in his worst days, never went that far, I imagine."

"The historian forgot to mention it, if he did," said the justice.

"Precisely. Well, I got on as well as I could, when in comes a boy with a note from Mrs. Sloan saying that Mrs. Gibbs, the Vice-President of the Convention, wanted her baby out of the way while she was conferring with the Select Committee on ways and means, so in came the sergeant-at-arms with Mrs. Gibbs' baby for me to take care of. That made four. Your Honour, if Mrs. Gibbs' baby grows up and becomes a missionary, he can preach to the heathens in Africa without leaving home. He has

a voice like a fog horn. So he turned in and cried, and the other babies cried for sympathy."

"It was hard," said the magistrate.

"Hard! well, I'm an accommodating man, so I put one twin in one cradle, and rocked it with my right foot, and I put the other in another cradle and rocked it with my left foot; then I set Gibbs' baby on one knee and Johnny on the other, and by a peculiar action of my legs kept all four in motion at once. You understand? Well, sir, just as calmness began to prevail, in comes the sergeant-at-arms again with the secretary's baby. Said Mrs. Sloan had sent it while the secretary wrote up her minutes, and wouldn't I look after it for a while?"

"Was it asleep?"

"Well, no. Now I don't want to exaggerate, your Honour. I am under oath, and I shall try to state the facts mildly. But I am sadly mistaken if you couldn't blow a church organ with the secretary's baby's left lung! It whooped and hallooed in such a manner as to alarm me. Then Gibbs' baby joined in and they gave a duet. Pretty soon our three turned up for a chorus—and—well, suppose a whole orphan asylum should suddenly have a spasm of stomach-ache, and you can form an idea of the racket."

"Couldn't you quiet them by singing to them?"

"No, sir; you couldn't have heard a bass drum in that room."

"What did you do?"

"I gave the family Bible to one twin, and put Webster's Unabridged Dictionary on the lap of the other, merely to play with. I thought I'd go downstairs and get some milk for the whole crowd. I did. When I came up, as I had only two nursing bottles, I emptied a bottle of hair renovator which Mrs. Sloan uses—"

"I don't," exclaimed Mrs. Sloan.

"And a castor oil bottle. I put the milk in those and in an old pargoric bottle, punched holes through the corks, and handed them round. When I came to the twins they had the Bible and Dictionary lying right on their bosoms, and they were blue in the face; too heavy, your Honour! So I had to pick them up and souse them a couple of times in the bathtub to bring them too, and when I got back into the room with them I found Gibbs' baby in spasms from the taste of the hair restorer, and the secretary's baby had swallowed the cork, and the other child looked as if the castor oil bottle had not agreed with it. A minute later in came Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Gibbs, and they hustled me out. I don't know what happened after that, but I believe it was old Gibbs who put up Mrs. Sloan up to charging me with murder."

"The case is dismissed," said the judge, and the Sloans withdrew.

Mrs. Sloan has hired a nurse.

—*Scottish American.*

HEARTH AND HOME.

WHITE satin shoes may be cleaned by rubbing them with blue and stone flannel, and afterwards cleaning them with bread.

COLD boiled potatoes used as soap will clean the hands, and keep the skin soft and healthy. Those not overboiled are the best.

TEA-LEAVES, when used for keeping down the dust when sweeping carpets, are apt to stain light colours; salt is best in the winter, and new mown hay in the summer.

RUSTY black Italian crape may be restored by dipping in skimmed milk and water, with a bit of fine glue dissolved in it, and made scalding hot. It should be clapped and pulled dry, like muslin.

THE white of an egg, into which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been stewed until it forms a jelly, is a capital remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain upon a piece of lint, and be changed as often as it becomes dry.

A LUMP of fresh quicklime, the size of a walnut, dropped into a pint of water, and allowed to stand all night, the water then being poured off from the sediment and mixed with a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, forms a good wash for scurf in the head. It is to be applied to the roots of the hair.

CELERY FOR RHEUMATISM.—There is no definite limit to the quantity of celery that should be taken in severe cases of rheumatism or gout. Too much cannot be eaten while it is digested. The cause of rheumatism or gout is a deficiency of alkalies in the blood and an excess of fibrin; both caused by flesh-eating, and consequently a deficiency of oxygen in the blood. The whole evil is certainly and completely remedied by ceasing to eat flesh at all, and eating fruit and vegetables. But celery, of all vegetables, does the work required more effectually and rapidly, cooked for meat for dinner in milk. Another way: Boil whole sticks of celery; when soft take out, cut lengthwise in slices and dip in butter, then fry in olive oil. It may be eaten raw as long as digestible as well. In severe cases of rheumatism it is to be drunk as well as eaten; the water celery is boiled in, as above, to be drunk. Or a stick a day, boiled down until all is dissolved except a little stringiness; remove it, add the juice of one lemon, and drink it. Such a thorough plan of eating and drinking celery will remove rheumatism or gout in a month or two. Of course, no flesh should be eaten, or alcohol drunk. More, it is certain—indeed infallible—if attended to as above.

WHOLESALE ASSASSINATION.

No better exemplification of the immutable decrees of an overruling Providence, or, in other words, no better confirmation of the truth of the French proverb "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*," can be seen than in the failures of the attempts at wholesale assassination which from time to time we see occurring in Europe. The societies which have resorted to this infamous expedient in the hope of serving their cause have invariably failed to gain their object or to destroy their intended victims. They have only succeeded in every instance in damaging their cause. The feelings of abhorrence with which such proceedings are regarded by all right minded people are intensified, and are also shared by the most apathetic and indifferent on hearing of such outrages as what is known as the "Clerkenwell explosion" the Nihilist explosions in Russia, and quite lately, the attempt to blow up the Salford barracks in England, when again a number of innocent victims were sacrificed. It is difficult to imagine the amount of prejudice and bigotry that seems to exist, and leads some people (happily a minority) to sympathize with such murderous bungling and cowardly miscreants. Murderous and bungling they have proved to be, while I also use the word "cowardly" advisedly, because although some of those implicated in the Russian conspiracies met their death with firmness, I am inclined to attribute their fortitude to the influence of fanaticism rather than bravery.

The "infernal machine" of the notorious Fieschi in 1832 is a case in point. He showed it to his mistress and accomplice Nina Lassave, who at once emphatically denounced the project. "I am only a girl," said she; "but did I want to shoot Louis Philippe I would shoot him boldly and then shoot myself." Notwithstanding this expression of her disapproval, Fieschi determined to carry out his diabolical intention.

As it is now almost a forgotten incident the recapitulation of the circumstances may prove interesting.

It appears that Fieschi, a Corsican, strongly imbued with Republican principles and a hatred of Monarchy, believed he would be serving the ends of his party and advancing his own ideas by the destruction of King Louis Philippe and his family. He and his confederates were aware that on the 28th of July, 1845, a review would take place in commemoration of the three glorious days of the revolution of 1830, and that the king with some of the Royal Family would be present. Accordingly they hired a house overlooking the Boulevard and planted their "infernal machine" at an open window on the third story. Its construction was very simple. It consisted of an oblong table of a little less width than the window, and a little shorter than an ordinary musket barrel. The top of this table had twenty-five grooves of about an inch wide, running from end to end. These twenty-five grooves served as beds for as many musket barrels, loaded each with a heavy charge of powder, two balls entire and a third ball divided in four quarters. The barrels having been placed in position, one of Fieschi's accomplices rode past the window on horseback, in order that the necessary angle of depression might be obtained. Fieschi himself undertook to fire off the machine by means of a lighted fuze and a train of gunpowder laid over the touch-holes of the musket barrels. He did so just as the king and his three eldest sons, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, and the Prince of Joinville, surrounded by the staff and officers of the highest rank, were passing in range of the deadly instrument. A tremendous explosion was heard—a shower of bullets and slugs fell amongst the cortege surrounding the king whose arm was slightly grazed by a ball, while his horse was shot in the neck. His sons escaped unhurt. But the brave Marshall Mortier (Duke of Triviso) fell dead, splashing Thiers with his blood. One General, a Lieutenant Colonel, a Captain and a Lieutenant of the Staff were instantly killed also by the discharge. The Duke of Broglie received a bullet in the collar of his coat. Numbers of spectators—men, women and children—were killed or severely wounded. The nature of the jagged wounds caused by the split bullets was such as in many cases to necessitate amputation. The National Guards guided by the cloud of smoke issuing from the window, rushed up to the room, where they found the author of all this carnage and suffering lying speechless on the floor, severely wounded about the head and face. He had intended to make his escape immediately after applying the light to the train of gunpowder, but, so heavy were some of the charges, that five of the barrels burst, the fragments injuring him so as to prevent his seeking escape in flight.

He was tried, convicted and executed as a parricide (that is to say, he was conducted to the scaffold barefoot, his body covered with a shroud, his head and face with a black crape) along with two others whom he implicated in his confession. A third, also implicated by him, was on account of his youth not executed, but condemned to twenty years imprisonment.

It is a well known fact as remarked at the commencement of this sketch that such attempts weaken the cause they are intended to serve; nay, more than that, they even have a tendency to strengthen the cause of the opposite party. Fieschi's advocate was completely of this opinion, and had the unparalleled effrontery to adduce the fact of Fieschi's having strengthened the monarchy by his crime, as an extenuating circumstance! The defence of his client amounted in substance to this:—"I admit the enormous

guilt of his crime, but I submit to the Court that there are extenuating circumstances. He was in extreme poverty, and his consequent sufferings unsettled his mind. He made many victims, but he served the monarchy by his act. Those ill-fated victims have by their death preserved the constitutional monarchy of France. Could their *manes* revisit the earth, they would demand mercy for their penitent assassin." So far from influencing the Court in the prisoner's favour by this insidious appeal, a shudder went round at the idea that the constitution had derived any advantage from forty murders committed by Fieschi. The other plea—poverty—was preposterous. The money he laid out on his criminal designs would have kept him from starving. With regard to that, we see a parallel nearer home, and of a later date. We see the great part of a nation complaining of dire distress and poverty, receiving outside help with one hand—with the other paying out large sums to a Land League, a skirmishing fund, and for the purchase of arms. However, let us hope for more enlightenment for that portion of Ireland, and, as a consequence, "better times."

J. W. I.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE *Charivari* has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation.

THE *Gaulois* persists in talking about "Lord Gladstone." What what the French say if we spoke of the Marquis Grévy and Viscount Gambetta?

M. LE SCHNEIDER purposes having a sale of all her jewels, works of art, bronzes, &c., before leaving her hotel in the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne, recently sold to M. Elie Leon, a Paris share-broker.

LADIES who are recognized leaders in the fashionable world wear red feathers on red plush hats, and at the chateaux during the recent festive gaieties, red cloth mantles enlivened the ladies promenades. Plaid plush is also employed, this being even more gaudy than red.

ONCE a week each pupil of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand gives one sou to certain pupils who are charged with collecting this subscription. The sum thus collected is devoted to the education of a poor boy whose situation is enveloped in the greatest mystery. He receives the same education as his companions, subscribes his sou as they do. The *proviseur*, the *aumônier* and one other person are alone in the secret of this discreet charity.

A SEALED packet, bearing the inscription, "Only to be made public in 1910," that is to say, thirty years hence, was recently sent to the National Library. The packet contains the papers of M. Paul de Musset, with curious revelations concerning the intimacy between his brother, the poet, and Madame George Sand, recently deceased, so that its secrets will be revealed only when a veil of silence shall have been thrown over the moving drama which is alluded to in *Elle et Lui*.

THERE is a spot in Paris which for loveliness may well challenge the whole world. It is the Parc Monceaux. Anything more delightful than this spot cannot be imagined. It scarcely covers half-a-dozen acres, but these are laid out in the most extraordinary manner. Here the banana-tree may be seen in blossom; the rhododendron flourishes its ever-green leaves; the aloe, the palm, and the bread-tree mingle their graceful foliage; while every exotic seems to display its rare beauties as if it were indigenous. Well-shaded and beautifully laid out, this choice garden—for it can scarcely be called a park—attracts many females of the upper class, who here spend their hours during the summer in reading and working. They may safely count upon resorting here without molestation. Those who respect flowers seem fully to estimate the value of a sex of which they are the prototype.

HUMOROUS.

A NEW astronomer contends that the moon is flat. It will be round at the proper time all the same.

A GENTLEMAN was wondering why there are so many bad reputations, when a friend said, "It is probably because every man has to make his own."

THERE is one class of people who always have leisure to entertain you, and that is those who know more about your business than you know yourself.

OBSERVING little brother's remark before a room full of company—"I know what made that red mark on Mary's nose; it was the rim of John Parker's hat!"

AN Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, saying: "Be jabbers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse!" "Then, be jabbers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat!"

"CIPHERING."—School-boy (kept in).—"Let's see—one t'm's ought's ought—one t'm's oh must be something—stick it down one."

FERTILITY of resource must always command admiration. A gentleman advertising in the *Kensington News* asks: "Can any lady (Church) with means love a gentleman, 26, at present penniless by unavoidable misfortunes?"

SONG.

(From *Théophile Gautier*.)

Gay butterflies, white as the snow,
In swarms travel over the sea,
Oh! would that like them I might go
On a trip through the air blue and free!

Sweet lady, *ma belle des belles*,
Whose eyes dark as midnight appear,
Could I borrow thy wings, canst thou tell
Whither swiftly my course I would steer?

Not a kiss would I give to the rose,
But o'er forest and dale I would fly
To thy virgin lips that unclose—
There—flower of my soul—I would die!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

[Written for the NEWS.]

TIM'S LITTLE LASS.

By the Author of "Lazy Dick," "Prose and Poetry," "Constance, a Lay of the Olden Times," etc.

"Oh God the Great, the High, forgive the thought,
In that we could not stand before Thy throne
Without the loved and lost that went before;
Our hearts would swell too big with pain to bear
The outpouring of even angel-song;
We could but stretch to Thee such empty hands,
Or, if we dared not, hunger evermore."

Some dozen years ago I was inspector of the fire-brigade of a city in the Dominion not now so famous as it used to be; for in those days it was a garrison town and the place was alive with the gay doings of the military. One man, the Guardian of the Central Fire Station, I took a special liking to. He was a grand fellow, the veteran of the brigade, as able and efficient in the discharge of his duties as the youngest man amongst them, in spite of his sixty years; over six feet, he carried himself like a grenadier, and his grave, intelligent face would have attracted the attention of the most careless observer. He was popular amongst the men, and though slow of speech what he said was worth hearing; there was often a quaint mixture of humour and pathos in his utterances which seemed to hint of no common mind; indeed he was one of those rarities in any rank of life we call "Nature's gentleman." It was my good fortune to be able to render a slight service to this man, for which he evinced so much genuine gratitude as to make me feel almost ashamed of myself and call to mind the poet's oft-quoted lamentation over the gratitude of the race. I certainly reaped more than I had sown by gaining the friendship of my fire-man.

One evening when I was at his house I noticed a picture hanging on the wall. It was a photograph of a child, very poorly executed, for in those days photography was in its infancy, but even the absence of shading in the portrait could not destroy its singular beauty.

"Why Tim!" I exclaimed, "wherever did this thing come from? Is it a real child?"

I looked up in some surprise at receiving no answer to find my friend regarding the portrait with melancholy eyes.

"Ay, it's not an old story yet!" he exclaimed, "and the pain of it's hardly gone by."

Fearing I had made some miserable blunder I would have hastened to change the subject, but he repeated:

"Not an old story, never old to me, and yet there's something about you, sir, that makes a body like to tell you their troubles."

"It's nigh on ten years," he began, "since first I fell in with Tim Carey. He was as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, taller than me by an inch and a quarter, with a kind word and a ready hand for every one that needed it. Just to see the way those blue eyes of his smiled would have done your heart good sir. He'd had a peck of trouble too, poor chap, lost his wife the first year of their marriage and took it sore to heart; for he thought a heap on her, and never could be brought to so much as look on a woman after. But his heart was just as full of love as it could hold for his only child, a girl of four years old, his 'little lass,' as he always called her. Nothing but that and Lady-bird. And, bless the pretty! it just suited her to a T, for she was as fine and delicate as any lady. That there's her picture that has so taken your fancy, but, hang me, if it wasn't plain beside that child, even her father said so and he set great store by it."

And a fine sight it was to see the two together. The "little lass" was a rare one for goodness, even as a baby she never cried Tim said; and though she began to talk at a year old, she was a shy, silent little thing except with her father. As for Tim he couldn't do enough for the child. Every evening he'd sit in the big yard, back of the station, with her on his knee, and unless the alarm sounded you wouldn't see them apart again that night. Her hair was all one yellow-gine, as curly as curly, and her eyes big and dark, and sad-like; but she'd the sweetest little voice like the piping of some wee bird.

"Dad," she'd say, and put her arms round his neck and give him a big hug, "ain't I your little lass?"

"Yes, sure," he'd say.

"And nobody else's, dad."

And he'd answer again unsteady-like. "Just mine and mammy's in Heaven."

And she was such a wise child. She'd say never another word.

And indeed if you'll believe me the mother herself couldn't have done better by the "little lass." He'd wash and dress her every day, and tie her ribbons as deft as any woman; and then

to see him comb her hair, why the curls 'ud all look running away round his big fingers. And Tim 'ud look as proud as a king, and call her his golden lady bird. Then, if it grew cool of a summer's evening, he'd go in and fetch an old shawl and put it round the child to keep off the chills. Tim was a prime favourite with the men and when he became Guardian of No. 8 (our station) there wasn't a man in the brigade that wasn't glad of his promotion. Of course after this we saw more of the little lass than ever, for the guardian came to live at the station. She lost some of her shy ways and grew quite merry and friendly. Her great delight was to be put on the top of the big engine when the men were cleaning it, and she'd beg a bit of rag of them and fall to rubbing it with all her might, and give a little shriek of delight when she saw how the brass would shine. Somehow or other we were all the better for the child being there. By and by a bad word grew scarce amongst us, for how could a man swear with that bit of innocence staring at him with big eyes. Such dainty, lady ways she had too that no one would think of touching her with dirty hands. In fact she was the pride of the brigade; not a man in it but would have gone through more than fire and water for her. One of the fire-men had a little lad, a year or two older than the Lady-bird, and he'd come and play with her sometimes. The way those two children would talk.

"What are you going to be when you grow big?" she'd ask him.

"A fire-man, of course. What are you going to be?"

"A fire-woman," she'd answer, firm as a rock.

"But you can't," he'd cry, bent on teasing her; "you're only a girl. They never are."

"I'm going to be anyway. Like my dad."

"But he ain't a woman."

"He's far better," she'd answer, sharp as a needle, "for he doesn't get drunk like your mother. And then because he gets red in the face she puts her two arms round his neck and kisses him, and whispers: 'Sorry, sorry, but you mustn't speak against dad.'"

"But I didn't speak against him."

"Yes, you find fault with him for not being a woman; but say no more."

So she'd often end her sentences for all the world like a woman. It came from being so much with older folks I reckon and playing little with other children. But she and Philip (the little lad) were always prime friends.

We had the great fireman's pic-nic that year; first a short trip down the river to a green island all covered with grass and trees and twittering birds; with the sun shining away up there in the blue like the glory of Heaven; and the place so rare and quiet that the look of it only would have comforted a sore heart. There was games, running matches and such like, and a dinner afterwards in a big grove of maple trees. Tim and I were so big and strong that we run each other close in everything we undertook. The men called us rivals in the sports, though to be sure it always seemed to me Tim did a little the best, and Tim, bless him! would always declare the same of me. But well I mind that day the awful scare we got. It was Tim's turn to throw the hammer after me and he'd just turned to me and said with that merry open smile of his,

"Well, Tom, old boy, I'll do my best to beat that."

Whizz it went through the air at a strapping pace and fell full twenty yards beyond the mark, the highest number scored that day; but none of us paid great heed to that. For as the hammer left Tim's hand the little lass somehow had slipped into the circle and came running towards her father, her arms stretched out to him, all in her pretty white holiday dress, the wind fluttering her blue ribbons that only that morning I'd seen him tie with his own hands. It was all over in a minute. Only for that longer fling of Tim's and she'd have been lying there, our Lady-bird no longer, but it missed fire just by a hair's breadth, and on she came without a sign of fear. You might have heard your heart beat for that moment of awful quiet; but Tim went white as death and fell against me. Then there was a loud cheer from the men and a dozen hands were stretched out to pass her on to her father. He came to in a second and caught her fast and held her as if he'd never let her out of his two arms again with never a word. But when we all fell wondering why she wasn't frightened but ran on cool and steady as you please, she leans against her father kissing her a-many times and we all hear her small voice piping out:

"I wasn't afraid of the hammer because you threw it, dad, and of course you'd never hurt your little lass."

Tim walked off with her then and there, and wouldn't take a bite of the fine dinner ready for us.

"It's given me such a turn, Tom," he says.

So in a little time I went to find him, carrying some of the best of the victuals for the little lass who I thought maybe might tempt her father to eat. I was a while looking without success, and then I saw him sitting under a high elm with the child asleep in his arms, looking straight before him, and I knew by the look on his face he was saying a bit of a prayer. Presently Lady-bird stirred, opened her eyes and said she was hungry, so I made haste to come up with the grub. Whilst she was eating a piece of cake she coaxed her father to take a bite, and I followed up with some good roast turkey, and so between us we got him to eat a bit. Then Lady-bird was for having a story, for Tim

was great in that line, and she, bless the pretty, would never grow tired of listening. But her father had no mind for inventing that afternoon for the shock had been almost too much for him, so he fell back on a Bible story, for Tim and me were no great scholars and never got much beyond our Bible and the newspapers. But that he should have pitched on that one seemed to me a queer coincidence years after. He began:

"Long, long ago, there was a rich man, just as rich as ever he could be, who had everything he wanted."

"Was he a fireman?" asks Lady-bird.

"No," says Tim, smiling a little for the first time, "he was a great king, my pretty."

"Oh, go on," says Lady-bird, giving the order like a little queen.

"He lived in a great palace and had servants to wait on him and you would have thought nothing that heart could desire was out of his reach. In the same country there lived a poor, poor man."

"What was he?" asks Lady-bird again.

"He had a lot of men under him," says Tim.

"Oh, then he was a fireman like you, dad," cries Lady-bird, clapping her hands.

"Not a bit of it," I put in laughing, and Tim goes on.

"He was a captain, my pet; his men were soldiers; there were not any firemen in those days."

"Oh," says Lady-bird, drawing a long breath; "then it must have been an immense time ago. Longer than a million miles. Go on dad, but you needn't hurry."

"Thank you kindly," says Tim, smiling at this, and on he goes. "Well the poor man was just as poor as the other was rich, he had only one thing of his own."

"A little lass?" cried Lady-bird, delighted.

"Well not exactly; a little lamb."

"I don't think much of that," says Lady-bird, disappointed.

"Ah! but he did. He hid it in his bosom to keep it warm, fed it out of his own plate, gave it drink out of his own cup, kept it always and always safe from harm."

"Like you and me," says Lady-bird again.

"Just so, my precious. Well one day the king, the rich man, set eyes on the poor man's lamb, and he wanted to have it for his own. He went on a-longing and a-longing till at last he sent and stole the little lamb and kept it."

"What did the man do?" cried Lady-bird, the big tears ready to drop from her big eyes.

Her father's voice was strange and husky-like.

"He couldn't ever have torn the little lamb out of the poor man's arms while he was alive, so he killed him first."

"I would have killed the rich man," cries Lady-bird, the colour flaming up in the darling's face; "didn't no one kill him, dad?"

"No, he was a rich man."

"So he got off," sobs Lady-bird.

"God didn't let him off," said Tim solemnly; "he was punished for it afterwards, sorely punished. His son that he loved, as I love you my little lass, grew up bad and fought him, and when he got killed in battle the king's heart was near broken. How he could ever have lived after it," adds Tim, pressing the little child to his bosom, "after to-day I don't understand. It beats me hollow."

"I suppose it was because he wanted to that he couldn't die," says that wise, simple child; at which Tim shudders. "But you see, dad," adds the darling gravely, "God's way was best."

Well two years went by and the little lass was hardly bigger though now nigh on six, for she was always a delicate wee thing, as white as a lily. For all that her voice was sweeter than ever, and Tim was fine and proud of her singing; and when strangers came to inspect the place, as they often did, and admired the child for her uncommon beauty, he'd have her trill out one of her songs as sweet as one of the blessed angels. About this time too there came to the town a minstrel troupe of French singers. The manager came one day to see a new kind of engine we had just imported from Paris that everybody was talking about. Tim, who was a clever fellow in machinery, was showing it off to him and explaining when into the big hall at that moment comes the little lass, looking as sweet as a peach in her pink check dress; a sight to set any father's heart a-glowing. The manager looks at her directly and asks her name, and if she's the child he'd heard tell sings so pretty. Of course this sets Tim off, as it is my belief he meant it should, and he makes Lady-bird sing her very best song. The foreigner seems mighty pleased, and asks her to sing something more, which she does there and then.

"De child's voice is most rare," he says thoughtfully. "She will be worth oh, very much money by and by."

"She's worth more than that to me ever since she was born, a precious sight more," says Tim with a loving look at the darling. The foreigner says nothing but looks at her again with a covetous look in his eyes that I did not like, and then he goes away.

The next morning, bright and early, coming down the stairs from Tim's private rooms, I saw that foreigner again. I ran up and went into the sitting-room without knocking, for he and I were as free as brothers. Tim was standing stock still in the middle of the room.

"What's up, old boy?" I cried, for his face was as red as fire and a queer mixture of laughter and anger in his eyes.

"Such a go, Tom, you'd never guess; that

foreign chap had the impudence to offer to buy Lady-bird."

"To buy Lady-bird!" I cried, a bit afraid that Tim was off his nut. At this he laughed outright.

"Well it comes to the same thing," he answered; "he says if I give her up to him for a term of years he'll go shares in the profits, for there's no end of money to be made out of her voice; or he'll pay a round sum right down on the risk if I'll give her up altogether."

"Why didn't you kick the fellow down stairs?" I cried, getting hot all over for longing over the lost opportunity.

"That's just what I'm wondering myself," said Tim, stroking Lady-bird's curls. She was standing by all the while, and here cried out as if frightened.

"You wouldn't send me away, would you, dad?"

He put his two arms around her in a sort of a passion of love and cried:

"Never, never, I'd die first," and Lady-bird looked satisfied.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

GEORDIE FLETCHER, a ploughman, was invited to the wedding of an old fellow-servant, in a Scotch town. On his return home next morning he was asked by a neighbour, "Weel, Geordie, man, hoo got ye on at the weddin' yestreen? Ye'll no be fit for your breakfast this morning, I suppose?" To which Geordie made answer, "Jock, thae town marriages are a real tak' in. Man, there was just 'Nae mair, I thank ye, wi' them a' at the supper; an' of coorse, I just said the same, 'Nae mair,' till I thankit myself oot o' my supper a' thegither. I could eat a dead sodger stuffed wi' bagganeets the noo."

A NEW DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—E. Werner, whose novels we have frequently had occasion to notice in English translations, has just had a success upon a new field. Some time ago the Munich Court Theatre invited the dramatic authors of Germany to compete for a prize for the best play. Ninety-nine accepted the invitation, sending thirty tragedies, thirty-one dramas, and thirty-eight comedies. E. Werner, who until then had never written a play, sent in a comedy, which was recommended by the Committee as the only play worthy to carry off the prize, which it therefore obtained. It is called "Superstition," and will be produced in the course of the coming season. E. Werner is the *nom de plume* of a lady—Elisabeth Birstenbinder.—*Athenaeum*.

HOW A SWEARING GENERAL WAS CURED.—The late General D., of D., who had seen and done some service to his country, retired to his paternal estate to wait the final "assembly." Among other improvements he determined to make a new road to the "Place" from the public road. As was then the custom, he had all his tenants and cottars warned to be on the ground at a certain hour of a certain day to make the road. Punctual himself, as was to be expected of a military veteran, he was on the spot fixed at the time ordered. Up came John Tomson, asking what he was to do, and had his place and work assigned to him. Up came another and another at various times and received instructions. At length the tardiness of the "fall in" raised the veteran's ire, and when John Ross approached, touched his hat, and asked what he was to do with his horse and cart, he was ordered to "Go to—."

Shortly after up came Robin Barbour, pick on shoulder, and, upon asking what he was to do, received the same answer—"Go, &c." Among the vassals was a gomer, Jamie Kerr, who, looking up, cried—"Hey, Robin, step oot quick an' ye'll get a ride—the General has just sent Rossie awa' there wi' a kairt." The rebuke from the half-wit was too much for the old hero, and from that day to the day of his death he was never heard to swear.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

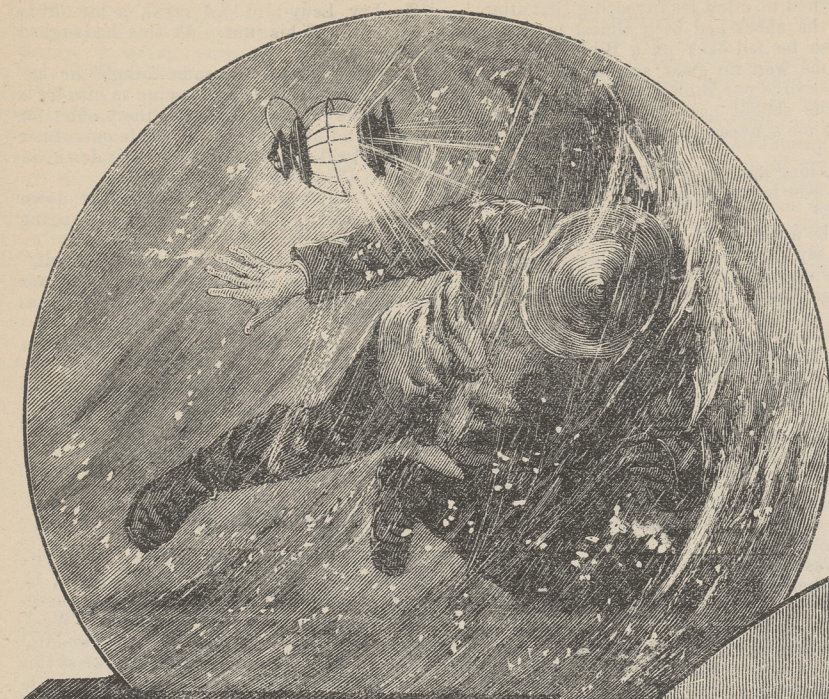
\$500 REWARD.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for any thing impure or injurious found in them—Hop Bitters. Test it. See "Truths" or "Proverbs" in another column.

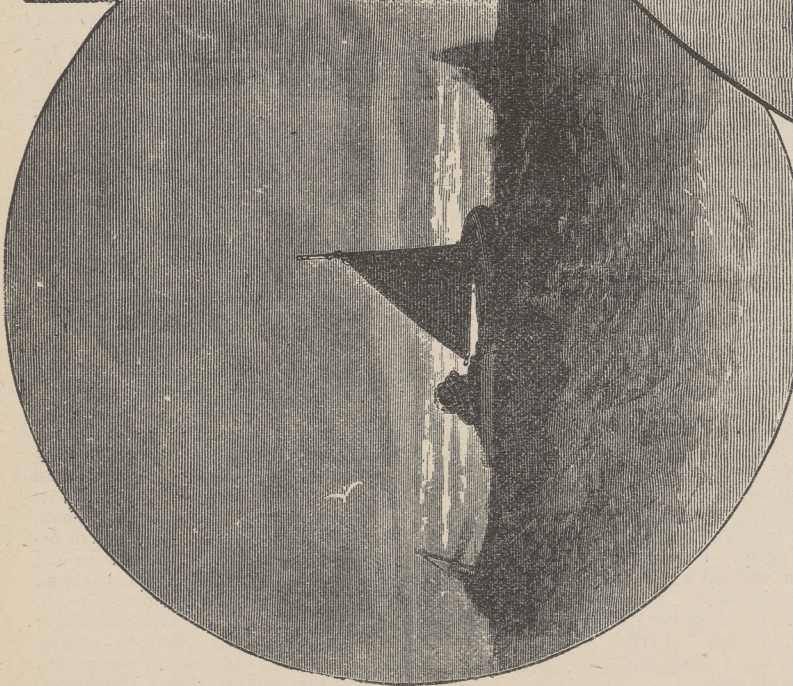
CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

—O-W



A HEAVY GUST.



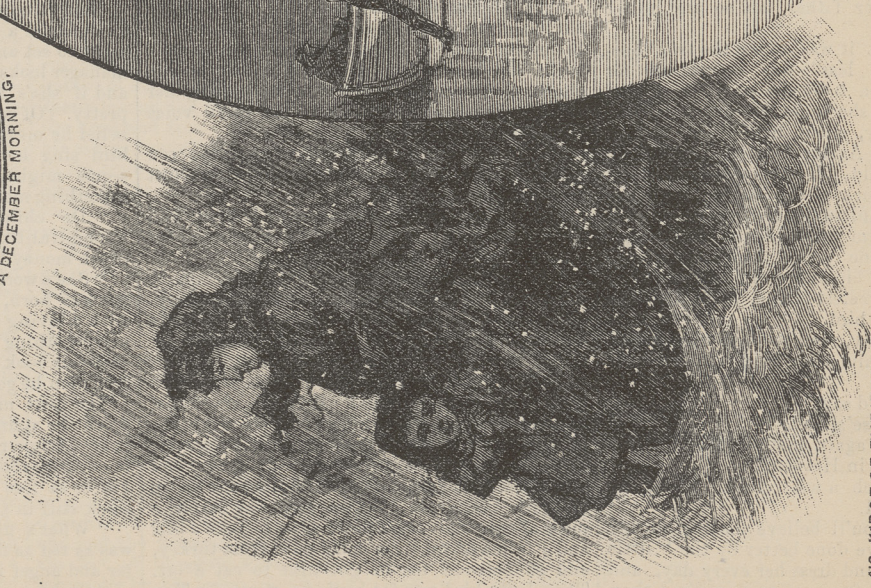
A DECEMBER MORNING.



WRECKING WITH AN ICE-BOAT.

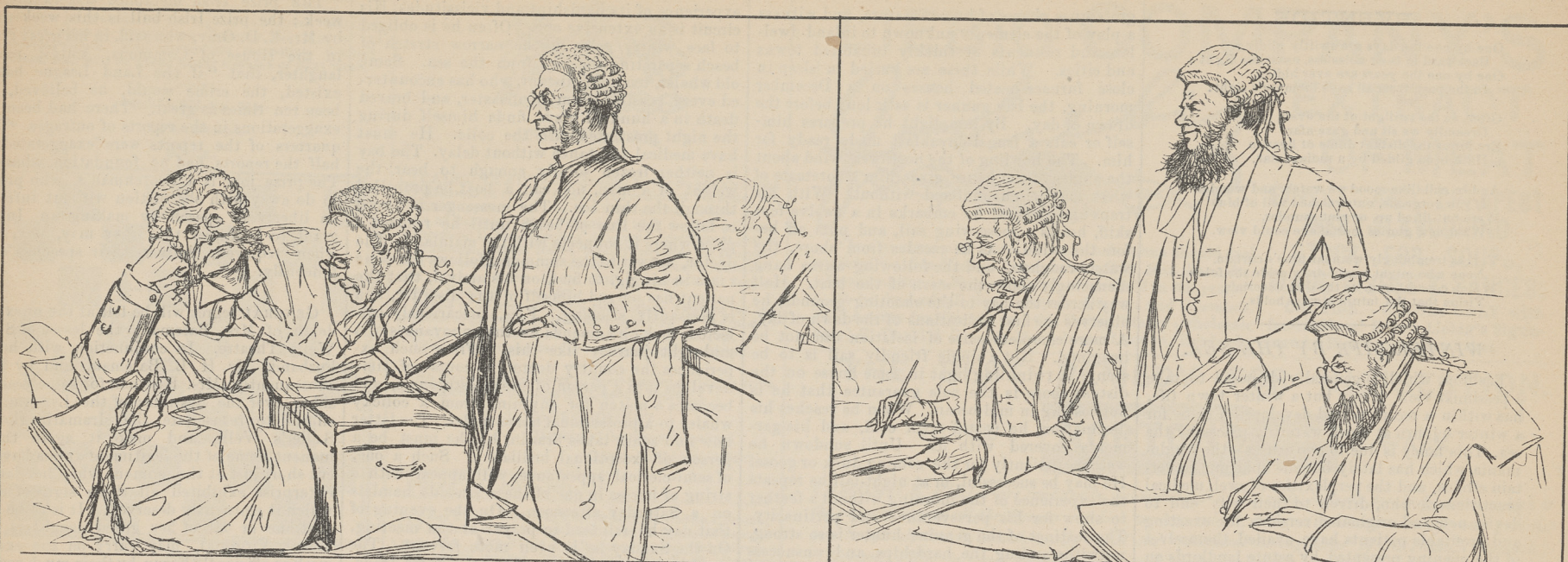


BAROMETER 29.701



NO JUDGE OF THE WEATHER.

WINTER LIFE BY THE SEA.—FROM SKETCHES BY GASTON FAX.



Mr. Sergeant Heron.

Solicitor-General.

Attorney-General.

Mr. F. Macdonagh, Q.C.

Mr. M'Loughlin, Q.C.

Mr. B. Walker, Q.C.



The Jury.



Lord Chief Justice May withdrawing from the Bench.



A Refresher.

EVENTIDE.

One by one the days are swiftly gliding
Backward in their noiseless, ceaseless flight;
One by one the years are ever hiding
In the past, from all save memory's sight.

Often, in the twilight of the even,
Dreamily we sit and gaze afar,
Ere for us the distant dome of heaven
Hath been gilded by a radiant star.

And in childlike mood we watch, and wonder
If yon gorgeous, outstretched veil of blue
Were but lifted up, or rent asunder,
What new glories mortal eye could view.

Yet, as tremblingly we near time's curtain,
None who might would draw aside the folds
Which conceal from us the dim uncertain
Vision that the future always holds.

WINTER LIFE BY THE SEA.

Fashion, which is generally disposed to take a pessimist view of any but a winter town life, has within a recent period developed a taste for a winter sojourn at bleak watering-places by the sea. This fancy is due to two causes—the Anglo-mania which has lately become epidemic in certain circles, and the perplexities of swell medical practitioners, who, driven to their wits' end to devise new and original diversions for exacting and profitable patients have availed themselves of the opening presented by astute landlords on the coast to prescribe a winter residence by the sea.

The unwonted appearance of these tender plants of society at this inclement season is a mystery which the longshoreman cannot solve. To him, the winter he ever so well prepared to encounter its vicissitudes, is a season to the approach of which he looks forward with dread. No more agreeable place of abode may be found at any season than in certain closely built towns and cities situated immediately upon the coast. Fashion, however, which is nothing if not bizarre, leaves these on one side, and seeks bleak localities, from which those to the manor born would only too gladly escape, did not their necessities enforce an unwilling stay.

In nothing is our servile copy of foreign models more grotesque than in the adoption of this fashion of a winter sojourn on our exposed Northern coast. The climate conditions which have given rise to this custom among the English are so entirely different from those which exist with us as to emphasize the absurdity of our imitation. The English winter resorts for invalids, either real or fancied, are towns of considerable population on the South coast, where the climate is softer and more genial than in any other part of Great Britain. These resorts are sheltered from the harsh north and west winds; those to which they owe their equable temperature come to them from Africa across Spain and Southern France. In their course those balmy winds traverse but comparatively short stretches of chilled short water, consequently they do not materially lose their original warmth and salubrity. Our Northern coast presents altogether different conditions. In front of it is the vast Atlantic, while in the rear, as a rule, are great sandy plains, scantily covered with scrub oaks and stunted pines, which offer no barrier to the icy blasts from the North. The water of the sea is reduced to a low temperature by these winds; consequently when they shift to the south, instead of, as might be supposed, fetching with them a warm and balmy air, they bring us from the chilled surface of the ocean an atmosphere far more insupportable, penetrating and depressing than that which comes from the north and west. The Gulf Stream is a fetish worshipped by these pilgrims to this wintry Mecca. It is supposed to be a vast furnace tempering and softening the breezes near the sea. There is no doubt of this, but its effect on the southerly winds during the winter is not appreciable for at least thirty-six hours after a shift to that quarter. Under the racking influence of our shuttlecock climate, a body of people congregated in some isolated caravansary on our Northern coast must be very sincere admirers one of the other to make the life worth living. During high gales and storms, when precluded for days from out-door exercise, one might fancy that, driven to desperation, they would fall upon each other with sarcastic fury.

There is a winter life by the sea, even very far North, which, under certain conditions, is very agreeable and full of interest. Its charms consists in its wildness and isolation, doubly enhanced where one is beyond the reach of the sound of the locomotive or the tug. To enjoy it thoroughly the domestic interior must be one of great comfort; indeed, luxuriousness in this direction only enhanced by contrast the bleakness and solitude of out-door life. Such a home need not be reared within the very reach of the breakers; the end may be accomplished in choosing a site close to the edge of one of the many bays and sounds found on portions of our Northern coast. These bodies of water are usually quite shallow and frozen during the winter. They are separated from the sea by stretches of sand-beach, across which an occasional glimpse of the ocean may be had. If absolute privacy be sought, it may be found here. One's nearest friend may in summer reside miles away, while in winter one must go to the distant town or city to find the same. To render this life attractive and endurable, its disciple should be devoted to some particular and absorbing pursuit, or he should be a sportsman whose enthusiasm can not be chilled by repeated failures and disappointments. If the latter, and he follow almost exclusively the pursuit of wild sea-fowl, he will meet with quaint and

grotesque phases of human nature, and witness a play of the elements unknown to inland dwellers and residents of thickly inhabited towns and cities. While these are buried in sleep in close furnace-heated houses on a December morning, the bay gunner is astir long before the drawn of day. By lamplight he prepares himself or eats a frugal breakfast made ready for him. The howling of the northwest wind about the angles of the house gives him a foretaste of what may be encountered without. With his traps and decoys, he embarks in a twelve-foot skiff, hoists a goose-wing sail, and puts off before the wind. As he recedes from shore, the waters roughen, and the following waves hang menacingly above the stern of the boat. Half way across the bay to the shooting grounds, he observes the first indications of the dawn of day. A more complete sense of isolation can not be imagined. Not a single friendly sail is to be seen. A twinkling light in some house on the distant shore is the sole guarantee that he is not tossing in mid-ocean. When he reaches his destination, he is stiff with cold, and his garments covered with ice. Until sundown he watches patiently for the coming duck or goose. He may be successful, or at night-fall he repeats the experience of the morning without a feather to show for his perseverance and pertinacity. The instinct of the genuine hunter is so strong, notwithstanding the hardships and unsuccess of former efforts, he soon forgets his trials and privations, and at slight encouragement is eager to repeat them. In a day or two he will be off again, under circumstances many times more trying and exasperating.

Another interest in this sort of life is found in watching the varying phases of winter gales, and in studying the movement of the barometer incidental thereto. Only those who have had an extensive local experience of the same can appreciate the destructive power they develop, as they sweep from the sea unopposed across the plain, shaking to the centre any prominent object in their path. The genesis of these gales is generally the same. The wind with a high barometer, is from the east, piling up in the west a bank of threatening clouds, which, as the wind force increases, gradually overspreads the zenith. As the wind rises, the barometer commences to fall, followed by rain or snow. If the gale reach its height during the night, when all noises seem magnified and intensified, the roar of the wind and surf is more noticeable, the shutter keeps a ceaseless rattle, the house trembles and shakes, and the lifting of the roof is a possible contingency. Sleep, unless one be utterly overcome with fatigue, is entirely impossible. There is for a time a complete lull in the gale, when all noises cease. This indicates that we are in the vortex of the storm, and that its centre is immediately about us. This temporary silence is followed by a shift of wind to the south and west, from whence it bursts upon us with increased power. In the midst of this fresh assault an ominous crash is heard above the roar of the gale. The man of experience does not attempt to fathom the mystery. The novice proceeds to make an immediate investigation. Dressed in tarpaulins, and armed with a lantern, he sallies out. In a moment a furious blast lands him on his back, while the lantern disappears with a flash into space. With much difficulty the investigator regains his feet, and attempts to breast the wind; but he succumbs to its irresistible power, and crawls into the house on his hands and knees. He seeks consolation in the study of the barometer, which is slowly recovering, on a shift of the wind north of west, from a minimum fall of 28.60. The reacting winds of these cyclones are more to be dreaded than those blowing in the earlier moments of the gale. The steeper the fall of the barometer, the fiercer will be the northwest or north winds which accompany clearing weather. These usually bring with them a cold wave, during which it is impossible, in a thoroughly well-built house, exposed on all sides, and provided with the most powerful heating apparatus, to raise the temperature to an approach to a comfortable point. The ink freezes while one writes within ten feet of the fire, and the mercury in the hall sinks to a point which should be seen to prevent a shock to credulity itself. Women and children of sound constitutions, living in their own homes, well-clad and richly fed, suffer no inconvenience from these sudden changes of temperature while those constitutionally weak, or ill-fed and lodged, soon succumb to the trials of this sea-board climate.

When these bays are frozen, and free from snow, ice-boats for all practical purposes usurp the functions of the ordinary vessel. They lack carrying capacity, but this is supplemented under favorable conditions—in light winds—by boats placed on runners, and towed astern. A similar use is made of small boats, on the bottom of which iron runners are fastened. They are propelled with an ordinary boat hook. The temptation to venture on these frozen waters, particularly when the field of amusement is limited, sometimes leads to disagreeable consequence. A woman and her children, unconscious of any lurking danger in the sky, ventures out some distance from the shore. Shortly the wind rises, and a few flakes of snow commence to fall; as the breeze increases, the snow falls more rapidly, and soon all landmarks are hidden from view. The wanderers become completely bewildered, and often before assistance can reach them, or their loss become known, they and the searchers pass what Rabelais calls "un mauvais quart d'heure."

Of all who reside on the coast during the winter, probably the country doctor has the widest

experience of its hardships and vicissitudes. His circuit is an extensive one. Often he is obliged to face wintry gales on the narrow stretch of beach separating the bay from the sea. Some old whaler, ten miles distant, who has encountered every possible form of disaster, and braved death in a hundred ways, finds himself during the night prostrated with the colic. He must have medical assistance without delay. The bay is neither frozen solidly enough to bear the weight of a man, nor can a boat be propelled through the thin ice. The messenger is forced to follow the line of beach until he reaches a place where it connects with the mainland. The doctor, answer to the summons, follows the same route in his gig, to find, on his arrival, that the patient has purged himself of the disorder, and is pleasantly sleeping. Fees, precariously collected, make no amends for the annoyances of a midnight journey like this. From such experiences the country doctor in course of time develops into a person of great astuteness, and becomes a match for anything from a colicky whaler to a professional horse-trader. The latter now and again takes him in, but he must be a person of exceptional brilliancy. Such a one, of semi-clerical appearance, will appear with a string of horses in one of these sea-side hamlets on a Saturday afternoon. On the evening of that day he will lead in prayer at the meeting. On the Sunday he is even more fervent. The rural barterers, always ready for a horse trade, are thrown off their guard by this display of true inwardness. By Monday night they find themselves the possessors of a first-rate collection of ring-boned, spavined, baulky animals, in exchange for an uncommonly sound lot of the same. Even a country doctor is occasionally nipped by these wandering sharpers. He has a plentiful opportunity to regret his simplicity when he is caught on the beach in a flood tide, and his baulky purchase is backing him into the breakers of a wintry sea.

GASTON FAY.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A new weekly journal is to appear in February, entitled *Land*.

The brochure in French which has appeared London under the title, *M. Gambetta et le régime parlementaire*, is attributed to the Duc d'Aumale.

It is stated on good authority that the appointment originally intended of Lord Dufferin to be Viceroy of India will be made in the spring, on the Marquis of Ripon resigning, on account of the late climatic stroke to his health.

The usual square hole has been cut in the ice on the Serpentine, at the spot where the morning bathers are allowed to congregate. It must take several degrees of courage to plunge into this water during the present weather, but the "bath" has its daily visitors.

GREAT satisfaction is expressed at the announcement that Professor Huxley has accepted the post of fishery commissioner, vacated by the death of Mr. Frank Buckland. It was feared that we should never again read reports on English fisheries so full of a natural historian's knowledge as those produced by Mr. Frank Buckland. Mr. Huxley, however, will continue to keep alive our interest in all things piscatorial by writings which will be masterpieces of style.

How long does Lord Beaconsfield calculate upon living? He is seventy-six this year; but he is furnishing his new house in Curzon street in a way which seems to imply that he intends to rival all the public men of our time in what Brougham called the tricks of longevity. The furniture is all artistic, much of it marvellously artistic; it is all costly, and it is intended to be so complete and gorgeous that it will rival the dreams—the Oriental dreams—of Lord Beaconsfield's youth as a novelist. Receptions—banquets—entertainments of all kinds are to make the house historical.

LORD MAYOR M'ARTHUR may begin to feel uncomfortable or proud according to his views. The fiat has gone forth which probably makes him the penultimate Lord Mayor of the City. His successor's successor will be Lord Mayor not of the City only, but of all London. Among the measures which the Ministers have in hand—excluded this session because of the pressure of Irish legislation—is one for creating out of London a great corporation, and making its rulers into a great Parliament, with the Lord Mayor for chief.

THERE is no truth in the rumour current a short time since that Lord Beaconsfield contemplates writing his own life. The residuum of truth is that with the assistance of his faithful secretary, Lord Rowton, he has revised and placed in order the enormous and interesting mass of papers that have accumulated at Hughenden, and that when the time comes the inevitable biographer will find abundant material. No hint is forthcoming as to who the biographer-designate is, or whether indeed Lord Beaconsfield will not be content to have lived his life and leave the choice of an historian, as well as the labour of record, to his survivors.

THE prize Irish metaphor was awarded last week; the prize Irish bull; this week gained by Mr. E. D. Gray, who said, in his great oration in the House of Commons, amidst roars of laughter, that "if the Land League had not existed, the crime would, he believed, have been ten times as great. There had been great exaggerations in the reports of outrages. Three-quarters of the reports were exaggerated, and half the reports had no foundation whatever." The prize joke is a Scotchman's, who proposes to do away with obstruction without infringing on liberty of speech by making an Imperial grant to Irishmen that they may, nay, must, when required, deliver their speeches simultaneously.

GENERAL regret will be felt at the unexpected death of Mrs. Bateman, the lessee of Sadler's Wells Theatre. In conjunction with her late husband, Mr. H. L. Bateman, and by herself subsequently, Mrs. Bateman for some years presided over the destinies of the Lyceum. Her efforts to resuscitate the dramatic glories of Sadler's Wells, and make it again the permanent home of the legitimate drama have been cut short just at the moment when her laudable enterprise exhibited all those signs of success which it eminently deserved. It is to be hoped that one or all of her gifted daughters (Kate, Isabel, Virginia), may carry on the excellent work so efficiently begun by their much regretted parent.

AN enthusiastic muffin man lately sought an interview with Lord Beaconsfield. He would not at first explain his business. At length it came out that the desire of his heart was to have the exclusive right to supply the late Premier with muffins. He wanted to write on his hat "Purveyor of Muffins to the Earl of Beaconsfield." It was explained to him that Earl Beaconsfield ate little, and that little did not include muffins, and he went away very discontented. Quite a controversy has sprung up about the politics of that muffin man. Some say that he must have been a Tory or he would not have been so energetic in his endeavours to serve Lord Beaconsfield. It is feared by others that he may have entertained the notion of tempting the earl to a dyspeptic diet before making a speech. The one thing certain is that if he has a vote it will be Liberal next time. For what muffin man will vote for a party whose leader does not eat muffins?

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers and letters to hand Thanks.
J. H., Chicago.—Letter received. Thanks.
E. H.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 311.
E. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solutions received of Problems Nos. 312 and 313.

From the Chess Column of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* we find that the match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Judd has been arranged, and that the principal conditions are as follow: "The first winner of seven games shall be declared victor, draws not counting; the time limit shall be fifteen moves per hour. All games shall be played at the Mercantile Library chess-room on Monday and Saturday nights of each week, beginning at 7.30 and finishing at 12 o'clock, the business of the players preventing them from playing during the day. The money prize for which they will play is offered by the St. Louis players for the purpose of increasing the interest in chess in the city."

We are also informed that the number of games played between these two gentlemen "at different times, from 1871 to 1881, has been thirteen, of which the Captain has won eight and a half, thus proving him to be the better player, although the friends of Mr. Judd think that the latter will acquit himself more creditably in the coming encounter." Chess-players in all parts of the world will feel interested in the result of a contest of this nature.

Land and Water, of January 15th, has just come to hand, and in it we find the fullest information respecting the chess doings of the metropolis and its surroundings. To those who, years ago, were in the habit of seeking chess antagonists in the few localities where they were to be found in the great city, will be astonished to learn that clubs have so increased of late that there is hardly a suburb of London which does not possess one at the present time.

We have received the second number of the new issue of the *Chessplayer's Chronicle*, and, like the first, it is full of new and interesting chess matter. We ought to have stated in our notice of this journal in our last Column that, in future, it will devote a portion of its space every week to news connected with in-door and out-door amusements, such as cricket, foot-ball, racing, &c.

The Book of the Fifth American Chess Congress, we learn, is in the press and will soon make its appearance. Besides the games in the Grand Tournament, it will contain the sound problems in the Problem Tourney, a history of the Congress, and some biographical sketches. Many of the games have been annotated by Captain Mackenzie, and the whole work has been carefully prepared by Mr. Charles A. Gilberg.

The volume is to be handsomely bound and embellished and will be an excellent addition to a chessplayer's library. Orders to be sent to Brentano, 39 Union Square, New York.

LONDON, Tuesday, Jan. 11.

Last night, at the City Club, Mr. Macdonnell played 16 simultaneous games, of which he won 12, drew 3, and lost 1.

Mr. Blackburne plays a series of blindfold games on Tuesday the 15th inst., at the Burton Institute Chess Club, Burton-on-Trent, and a series of simultaneous games against all comers at the same place on the following day. On the 22nd he plays a series of blindfold games at the Manchester Chess Club.—*Glasgow Herald*.

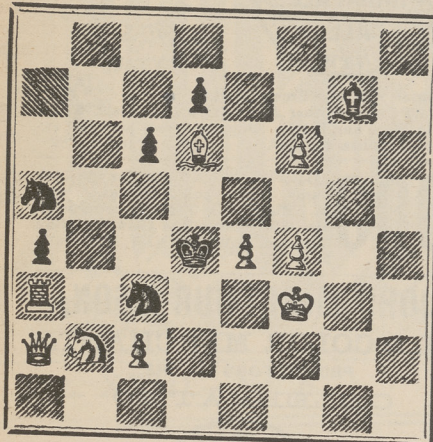
In the telegraphic match between Liverpool and Calcutta, the Liverpool game has been brought to a conclusion. Calcutta has resigned.

Just before going to press, we hear that the Managing Committee of the Canadian Chess Association have issued a programme of the Annual Congress, which is to take place at Ottawa, on Tuesday, the 22nd of the present month. Full particulars respecting tourney, prizes, &c., will be given in our Column of next week.

PROBLEM No. 315.

By A. Kempe.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 442ND.

Played at the French National Tournament between M. M. Oberndorfer and A. de Riviere.

White.—(M. Oberndorfer.) Black.—(M. de Riviere.)

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 2. Kt to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | 3. Kt to KB3 |
| 3. B to Kt5 | 4. Kt to K5 |
| 4. P to Q3 | 5. P to K4 |
| 5. B to B4 | 6. P takes B |
| 6. Kt takes Kt | 7. Kt to KB3 |
| 7. Kt to KB3 | 8. Kt to QB3 |
| 8. Kt to QB3 | 9. Castles |
| 9. Castles | 10. B to R4 |
| 10. P to KR3 | 11. B to Kt5 |
| 11. B to Kt5 | 12. Q to K2 |
| 12. Q to K2 | 13. P takes P |
| 13. P takes P | 14. K R to QB sq |
| 14. K R to QB sq | 15. P to QR3 |
| 15. P to QR3 | 16. P to Kt4 |
| 16. P to Kt4 | 17. B to K3 |
| 17. B to K3 | 18. R to Qsq |
| 18. R to Qsq | 19. B to QB5 |
| 19. B to QB5 | 20. Q to K3 |
| 20. Q to K3 | 21. P takes B |
| 21. P takes B | 22. K R to Kt sq |
| 22. K R to Kt sq | 23. Kt to Kt2 |
| 23. Kt to Kt2 | 24. R to Kt2 |
| 24. R to Kt2 | 25. P to B4 |
| 25. P to B4 | 26. Q takes P (ch) |
| 26. Q takes P (ch) | 27. Q R to Kt sq |
| 27. Q R to Kt sq | 28. Q to KR2 |
| 28. Q to KR2 | 29. Kt to R4 |
| 29. Kt to R4 | 30. P to KR4 |
| 30. P to KR4 | 31. Kt to KB3 |
| 31. Kt to KB3 | 32. Q to B4 |
| 32. Q to B4 | 33. R to Kt4 |
| 33. R to Kt4 | 34. K takes Kt P |
| 34. K takes Kt P | 35. Kt to Q2 |
| 35. Kt to Q2 | 36. R takes B |
| 36. R takes B | 37. Kt to Kt6 (ch) |
| 37. Kt to Kt6 (ch) | 38. R to Ksq |
| 38. R to Ksq | 39. K to Rsq |
| 39. K to Rsq | 40. Q takes Kt |
| 40. Q takes Kt | 41. Kt to K4 |
| 41. Kt to K4 | 42. Q to Kt7 |
| 42. Q to Kt7 | 43. R takes Q |
| 43. R takes Q | |

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 313.

- | | |
|---------------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P to QB7 | 1. Any |
| 2. Mates acc. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 311.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to K Kt5 | 1. K takes Kt |
| 2. K to K4 | 2. K takes P |
| 3. B to B4 (ch) | 3. P covers |
| 4. B takes P mate | |

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 312.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| White. | Black. |
| K at K8 | K at Q4 |
| B at KR5 | Pawns at |
| Kt at QB5 | K4 and Q5 |
| Pawns at Q3, | |
| K Kt4 and Q Kt5 | |

White to play and mate in two moves.



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S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister

of the Interior.

FRED, WHITE,

Comptroller.

Ottawa, Jan'y. 28th, 1881.

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L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent
General of Indian Affairs.Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 17th Jan'y., 1881.

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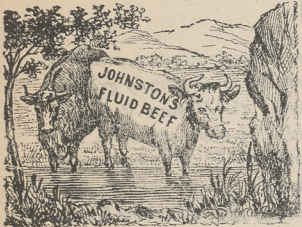
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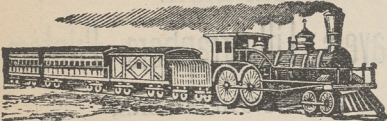
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Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY. Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	1.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.16 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.60 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.		
(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)			
Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.			
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.			
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.			
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.			
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Ask for it. and take no other.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
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FOR COUGHS & COLDS



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It is a well-known fact that Coffee roasted in the ordinary manner and not placed in air-tight receptacles, is greatly deteriorated by evaporation of the aromatic particles, and as this process goes on for months afterwards, the result is apparent to every one.

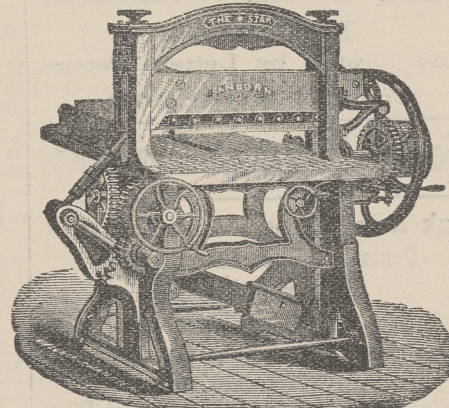
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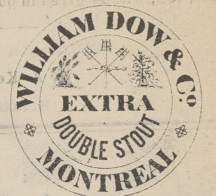


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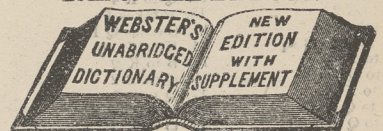
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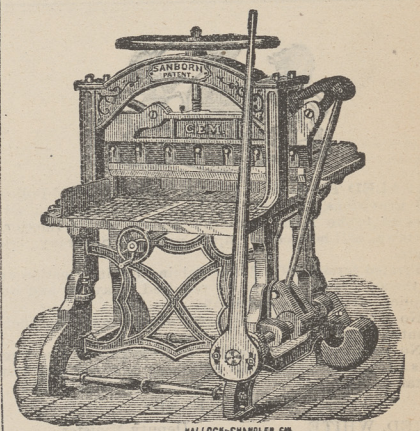
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